

# PHILASTER.

OR,

Loue lies a Bleeding.

*As it hath beene diuerse times Acted,*  
at the Globe, and Blacke-Friers, by  
*his Maiesties Seruants.*

Written by { *Francis Beaumont.*  
                  and                    } *Gent.*  
                  { *Iohn Fletcher.*

The second Impression, corrected, and  
amended.

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1622.

*Dramatis Personæ*  
King } of Calabria <sup>Men</sup> and Sicily  
Philaster } Heir of Sicily in love with, and privately  
                  } married to, Arathusa.

Dion }  
Clerimont }  
Trafilene }

## Women

Arathusa } Daughter of the King.  
Gallatea } An Attendant of the Princess.  
Bellario } Page to the Princess, Daughter to  
                  } Dion, in Disguise. —  
Megra } A common-whoore.

Attendants, Citizens in Arms, Woodmen.

Scene in Sicily





*To the Reader.*



Ourteous Reader.  
*Philaster*, and *Arethusa*  
his loue, haue laine  
so long a bleeding, by  
reason of some dan-  
gerous and gaping  
wounds, which they receiued in the first  
Impression, that it is wondered how  
they could goe abroad so long, or tra-  
uaile so farre as they haue done. Al-  
though they were hurt neither by me,  
nor the Printer; yet I knowing and fin-  
ding by experience, how many well-  
wishers they haue abroad, haue aduen-  
tured to bind vp their wounds, & to en-  
able them to visite vpon better tearmes,  
such friends of theirs, as were pleased to

*To the Reader.*

take knowledge of them, so mained and deformed, as they at the first were; and if they were then gracious in your sight, assuredly they will now finde double fauour, being reformed, and set forth suteable, to their birth, and breeding.

*By your seruiceable  
Friend,*

Thomas VValkley.



# Philaster.

*Actus 1. Scœna 1.*

Enter *Dion, Cleremont* and *Trafiline*.

*Cleremont.*



Ere's nor Lords, nor Ladyes.

*Di.* Credit me Gentlemen I wonder at it. They receiv'd strickt charge from the King, to atend here: Besides, it was boldly published, that no Officer should forbid any Gentlemen, that desired to attend, and heare.

*Cle.* Can you ghesse the cause?

*Di.* Sir, it is plaine about the Spanish Prince, that's come to marry our Kingdomes Heire, and be our Soueraigne.

*Tra.* Many (that will seeme to know much) say, she lookes not on him like a maide in loue.

*Di.* Faith sir, the multitude (that seldome know any thing, but their owne opinions) speake that, they would haue. But the Prince, before his own approach, receiv'd so many confident messages from the State, that I thinke shee's resolu'd to be rul'd.

*Cle.* Sir, it is thought, with her hee shall enioy both these Kingdomes, of *Cicilie*, and *Calabria*.

*Di.* Sir, it is (without controuersie) so meant. But 'twill bee a  
B trou-



*Philaster.*

troublesome labour, for him to enioy both these Kingdomes with safety, the right Heire to one of them liuing, and liuing so vertuously: especially, the people admiring the brauery of his minde, and lamenting his iniuries.

*Cle.* Who, *Philaster*?

*Di.* Yes, whose father, we all know, was by our late King of *Calabria*, vnrighteously deposed from his fruitfull *Cicilie*. My selfe drew some blood, in those warres, which I would giue my hand, to be washed from.

*Cle.* Sir, my ignorance in State policie, will not let mee know, why (*Philaster* being Heire to one of these Kingdomes) the King should suffer him to walke abroad with such free liberty.

*Di.* Sir, it seemes your nature is more constant, then to enquire after State newes. But the King (of late) made a hazard of both the Kingdomes, of *Cicilie* and his owne, with offering but to imprison *Philaster*. At which the City was in Armes, not to bee charm'd downe by any State order or Proclamation, till they saw *Philaster* ride through the streetes please, and without a guard; at which they threw their hats and their Armes from them; some to make bonfires, some to drinke, all for his deliuerance. Which (wise men say) is the cause, the King labors to bring in the power of a forraigne Nation, to awe his owne with.

*Enter Gallates, Megra,*

*Tra.* See, the Ladyes, what's the first? *and a Lady.*

*Di.* A wise & modest Gentlewoman, that attends the Princeesse.

*Cle.* The second?

*Di.* She is one that may stand still discretely enough, and illfauour'dly dance her measure; simper when shee is courted by her friend, and slight her husband.

*Cle.* The last?

*Di.* Faith, I thinke she is one whom the State keeps for the Agents of our confederate Princes: She'll cog, and lye with a whole Army, before the league shall breake: her name is common through the Kingdome, and the Trophies of her dishonour, aduanc'd beyond *Hercules* pillars. She loues to try the seuerall constitutions of mens bodyes; and indeede, has destroyed the worth of her owne body, by making experiment vpon it, for the good of the Common-wealth.

*Cle.*

*Gle.* She's a profitable member.

*La.* Peace, if you loue me: you shall see these Gentlemen stand their ground, and not court vs.

*Gall.* What if they should?

*Meg.* What if they should.

*La.* Nay, let her alone; what if they should? Why, if they should, I say, they were neuer abroad; what Forraigner would doe so? it writes them directly vntrauell'd.

*Gall.* Why what if they be?

*Meg.* What if they be:

*La.* Good Madam let her go on; what if they be? Why if they be, I will iustifie, they cannot maintaine discourse with a iudicious Lady, nor make a leg, nor say excuse me.

*Gall.* Ha, ha, ha.

*La.* Doe you laugh Madam?

*Di.* Your desires vpon you, Ladyes:

*La.* Then you must sit beside vs.

*Di.* I shall sit neere you then Lady.

*La.* Neere me perhaps: But there's a Lady endures no stranger, and to me you appeare a very strange fellow.

*Meg.* Me thinkes he's not so strange, he would quickly to bee acquainted.

*Tra.* Peace, the King.

*Enter King, Pharamond, Arathusa, and traine.*

*K.* To giue a stronger testimony of loue,  
Then sickly promises (which commonly  
In Princes finde both birth and buriall.)  
In one breath, we haue drawne you worthy sir,  
To make your faire indearements to our Daughter;  
And worthy seruices, knowne to our subiects:  
Now lou'd and wonderd at. Next, our intent,  
To plant you deeply, our immediate Heire,  
Both to our Blood and kingdomes. For this Lady,  
(The best part of your life, as you confirme me,  
And I beleene) though her few yeeres, and sex  
Yet teach her nothing but her feares and blushes,  
Desires without desire, discourse and knowledge,

Onely of what her selfe, is to her selfe,  
 Make her feeble moderate health : And when she sleepest,  
 In making no ill day, knowes no ill dreames.  
 Thinke not (deare sir) these vndiuided parts,  
 That must mould vp a Virgin, are put on  
 To shew her so, as borrowed ornaments,  
 To talke of her perfect loue to you, or adde  
 An artificiall shaddow to her nature :  
 No sir, I boldly dare proclaime her, yet  
 No woman. But wooe her still, and thinke her modestly,  
 A sweeter mistresse then the offer'd language  
 Of any Dame, were she a Queene, whose eye  
 Speakes common loues and comforts to her seruants.  
 Last noble sonne, (for so I now must call you )  
 What I haue done thus publique, is not onely  
 To adde comfort in particular,  
 To you or me, but all ; and to confirme  
 The Nobles, and the Gentry of these Kingdomes,  
 By oath to your succession, which shall be  
 Within this moneth at most.

*Tra.* This will be hardly done.

*Cle.* It must be ill done, if it be done.

*Di.* When tis at best, twill be but halfe done,  
 Whilst so braue a Gentleman is wrong'd and slung off.

*Tra.* I feare.

*Cle.* Who does not ?

*Di.* I feare not for my selfe, and yet I feare too :  
 Well, we shall see, we shall see : no more.

*Pha.* Kissing your white hand ( mistresse ) I take leaue,  
 To thanke your royall father : And thus farre,  
 To be my owne free Trumpet. Vnderstand  
 Great King, and these your subiects, mine that must be,  
 ( For so deseruing you haue spoke me, sir,  
 And so deseruing I dare speake my selfe )  
 To what a person, of what eminence,  
 Ripe expectation, of what faculties,  
 Manners and vertues, you would wed your Kingdomes ;

You



You in me haue you wishes. Oh this Countrey;  
(By more then all the gods) I hold it happy;  
Happy, in their deare memories, that haue bin  
Kings great and good; happy in yours; that is,  
And from you (as a Chronicle to keepe  
Your noble name from eating age) doe I,  
Open my selfe most happy. Gentlemen,  
Beleeue me in a word, a Princes word,  
There shall be nothing to make vp a Kingdome  
Mighty, and flourishing, defended, fear'd,  
Equall to be commanded, and obeyed;  
But through the travells of my life I'll find it,  
And tye it to this Countrey. By all the gods,  
My reigne shall be so easie to the subiect,  
That euery man shall be his Prince himselfe;  
And his owne law: yet I his Prince and law,  
And decreest Lady, to your decreest selfe,  
(Deere, in the choyce of him, whose name and lustre  
Must make you more and mightier) Let me say,  
You are the blessedst living; for, sweete Princess,  
You shall inioy a man of men, to be  
Your seruant; you shall make him yours, for whom  
Great Queenes must die.

*Tra.* Miraculous.

*Cle.* This speech calls him *Spaniard*, beeing nothing but a large  
inuentory of his owne commendations.

*Ent.* Philaster.

*Di.* I wonder what's his price? For certainly hee'll sell himselfe,  
he has so praisde his shape: But heere comes one, more worthy  
those large speeches, then the large speaker of them: let mee bee  
swallowed quicke, if I can finde, in all the Anatomy of yon mans ver-  
tues, one sinnew sound enough to promise for him, he shall be Con-  
stable. By this Sunne, hee'll ne're make King, vnlesse it be of trifles,  
in my poore iudgement.

*Phi.* Right noble sir, as low as my obedience,  
And with a heart as loyall as my knee,  
I beg your fauour.

*Km.* Rise, you haue it sir.

*Di.* Marke but the King how pale he lookes, he feares,  
Oh, this same whoreson Conscience, how it iades vs?

*K.* Speake your intent fir.

*Phi.* Shall I speake ym freely?  
Be still my royall Soueraigne.

*K.* As a subiect,  
We giue you freedome.

*Di.* Now it heates.

*Phi.* Then thus I turne  
My language to you Prince, you forraigne man:  
Ne're stare, nor put on wonder, for you must  
Indure me, and you shall. This earth you tread vpon,  
(A dowry as you hope with this faire Princeesse,  
Whose memory I bow to) was not left  
By my dead father (Oh, I had a father)  
To your inheritance, and I vp, and liuing,  
Hauing my selfe about me, and my sword,  
The soules of all my name, and memories;  
These armes, and some few friends, beside the gods,  
To part so calmly with it, and sit still,  
And say I might haue beene. I tell thee *Pharamond*,  
When thou art King, looke I be dead and rotten,  
And my name ashes, as I: For, heare me *Pharamond*,  
This very ground thou goest on: this far earth,  
My fathers friends made fertile with their faiths,  
Before that day of shame, shall gape and swallow  
Thee and thy nation, like a hungry graue,  
Into her hidden bowells: Prince, it shall;  
By the iust gods it shall.

*Phi.* He's mad, beyond cure, mad.

*Di.* Here's a fellow has some fire in's vaines:  
The outlandish Prince lookes like a tooth-drawer.

*Phi.* Sir Prince of Poppiniayes, I'll make it well appeare  
To you, I am not mad.

*K.* You displease vs,  
You are too bold.

*Phi.* No fir, I am too tame,

Too much a Turtle, a thing borne without passion,  
A faint shadow, that every drunken clow'd fayles ouer,  
And makes nothing.

*K.* I doe not fancie this,  
Call our Physitions? sure he's somewhat tainted:

*Tra.* I doe not think it will proue so.

*Di.* Has giuen him a generall purge already, for all the right he  
has, and now he meanes to let him blood: Be constant Gentlemen,  
by heauen I'll run his hazard, although I run my name out of the  
Kingdome.

*Clo.* Peace, we are all one soule.

*Phi.* What you haue seene in me, to mine offence,  
I cannot finde, vnlesse it be this Lady,  
Offer'd into my armes, with the succession,  
Which I must keepe: though it hath pleas'd your fury  
To mureny within you; without disputing  
Your *Genealogies*, or taking knowledge  
Whose branch you are. The King will leade it me,  
And I dare make it mine; you haue your answer.

*Phi.* If thou wert sole inheritor to him,  
That made the world his; and couldst see no sunne  
Shine vpon any thing but thine: were *Pharamond*  
As truly valiant, as I feele him cold,  
And ringd amongst the choycest of his friends,  
Such as would blush to talke such serious follies,  
Or backe such belied commendations,  
And from this presence: Spight of these bugs,  
You should heare further from me.

*K.* Sir, you wrong the Prince:  
I gaue you not this freedome, to braue our best friends;  
You deserue our frowne: Goe to, be better temper'd.

*Phi.* It must be sir, when I am nobler vsde.

*Gall.* Ladyes,  
This would haue beene a patterne of succession,  
Had he ne're met this mischiefe. By my life  
He is the worthiest the true name of man,  
This day, within my knowledge.



*Meg.* I cannot tell what you may call your knowledge,  
But th'other is the man set in my eye:

Oh tis a prince of wax.

*Gall.* A dog it is.

*K.* *Philaster*, tell me,

The iniuries you aime at in your riddles.

*Phi.* If you had my eyes fir, and sufferance,  
My griefes vpon you, and my broken fortunes,  
My want's great, and now nothing hopes and feares,  
My wrongs would make ill riddles to be laught at:  
Dare you be still my King, and right me?

*K.* Giue me your wrongs in priuate.

*they whisper.*

*Phi.* Take them;

And ease me of a load, would bow strong *Atlas*.

*Cle.* He dares not stand the shock.

*Di.* I cannot blame him, there's danger in't. Euery man in this  
age, has not a soule of Christall, for all men to reade their actions  
through: mens hearts and faces are so farre asunder, that they hold  
no intelligence. Doe but view you stranger well, and you shall see  
a feauer through all his brauery, and feele him shake like a true te-  
nant; if he giue not back his Crowne againe, vpon the report of an  
Elder gun, I haue no augury.

*K.* Goe to:

Be more your selfe, as you respect our fauour;  
You'l stirre vs else; Sir, I must haue you know,  
That y'are, and shall be at our pleasure, what fashion we  
Will put vpon you: smooth your brow, or by the gods.

*Phi.* I am dead sir, y'are my Fate: It was not I  
Said I was wrong'd: I carry all about me,  
My weake starres leade me too; all my weake fortunes.  
Who dares in all this presence (speake, that is  
But men of flesh, and may be mortall) tell me?  
I doe not most intirely loue this Prince,  
And honour his full vertues.

*K.* Sure hee's posselt.

*Phi.* Yes, with my fathers spirit; It's here, O King,  
A dangerour spirit: now he tells me King,

I was a Kings Heire, bids me be a King,  
And whispers to me, these are all my subjects:  
Tis strange, he will not let me sleepe, but diues  
Into my fancy, and there giues me shapes,  
That kneele, and doe me seruice, cry me King:  
But I'll suppress him, he's a factious spirit,  
And will vndoe me: noble sir, your hand,  
I am your seruant.

*K.* Away, I doe not like this:  
I'll make you tamer, or I'll dispossesse you  
Both of life and spirit: for this time  
I pardon your wild speech, without so much  
As your imprisonment.

*Exit. K, Pha, Ara.*

*Di.* I thanke you sir, you dare not for the people.

*Gall.* Ladyes, what thinke you now of this braue fellow?

*Meg.* A pretty talking fellow, hot at hand: but eye yon stranger,  
is he not a fine compleate Gentleman? O these strangers,  
I doe affect them strangely: They doe the rarest home things, and  
please the fullest: as I liue, I could loue all the Nation ouer and ouer,  
for his sake.

*Gall.* Gods comfort your poore head-peece Lady, tis a weake  
one, and had need of a night cap.

*Exit Ladyes.*

*Di.* See how his fancy labours, has he not spoke  
Home, and brauely? what a dangerous traine  
Did he giue fire to? How he shooke the King,  
Made his soule melt within him, and his blood,  
Run into whay: it stood vpon his brow,  
Like a cold winter dew.

*Phi.* Gentlemen,  
You haue no suite to me? I am no Minion:  
You stand (me thinkes) like men that would be Courtiers,  
If you could well be flatter'd at a price,  
Not to vndoe your children: y'are all honest:  
Goe get you home againe, and make your Countrey  
A vettuous Court, to which your great ones may,  
In their diseased age retire, and liue recluse.

*Cle.* How doe you worthy sir?

*Phi.* Well, very well ;  
And so well, that if the King please, I finde  
I may liue many yeares ;

*Di.* The King must please ;  
Whilst we know what you are, and who you are,  
Your wrongs and iniuries : shrinke not, worthy sir,  
But ad your father to you : In whose name,  
Wee'll waken all the gods, and coniure vp  
The rods of vengeance, the abused people,  
Who like to raging torrents shall swell high,  
And so begirt the dens of these Male-*dragons*,  
That through the strongest safety, they shall beg  
For mercy at your swords point.

*Phi.* Friends, no more ;  
Our eares may be corrupted : Tis an age  
We dare not trust our wills to : doe you loue me ?

*Tra.* Doe we loue Heaven, and Honour ?

*Phi.* My Lord *Dian*, you had  
A vertuous Gentlewoman, cald you father,  
Is she yet aliue ?

*Di.* Most honor'd sir, she is :  
And for the penance but of an idle dreame,  
Has vndertooke a tedious pilgrimage. *Enter a Lady.*

*Phi.* Is it to me, or any of these Gentlemen you come ?

*La.* To you, braue Lord : The Princeesse would intreate  
Your present company.

*Phi.* The Princeesse send for me ? y'are mistaken.

*La.* If you be cald *Philaster*, tis to you.

*Phi.* Kisse her faire hand, and say I will attend her.

*Di.* Doe you know what you doe ?

*Phi.* Yes, goe to see a woman.

*Cle.* But doe you weigh the danger you are in ?

*Phi.* Danger in a sweete face ?

By *Iupiter* I must not feare a woman.

*Tra.* But are you sure it was the Princeesse sent ?  
It may be some foule traine to catch your life.

*Phi.* I doe not thinke it Gentlemen : she's noble,



Her eye may shoote me dead, or those true red  
And white friends in her face : may steale my soule out :  
There's all the danger in't : but be what may,  
Her single name hath arm'd me. *Exit Phil.*

*Di.* Goe on :  
And be as truly happy, as th'art fearelesse :  
Come Gentlemen, let's make our friends acquainted,  
Least the King proue false. *Exit Gentlemen.*

*Enter Arathusa, and a Lady.*

*Ara.* Comes he not ?

*La.* Madam ?

*Ara.* Will *Philaster* come ?

*La.* Deare Madam, you were wont  
To credit me at first.

*Ara.* But didst thou tell me so ?  
I am forgetfull, and my womans strength  
Is so o'recharg'd, with dangers like to grow,  
About my marriage, that these ynder things  
Dare not abide in such a troubled sea :  
How lookt he, when he told thee he would come ?

*La.* Why, well.

*Ara.* And not a little fearefull ?

*La.* Feare Madam ? sure he knowes not what it is.

*Ara.* You all are of his faction ; the whole Court  
Is bold in praise of him, whilst I  
May liue neglected : and doe noble things,  
As fooles in strife throw gold into the sea,  
Drownd in the doing : but I know he feares ?

*La.* Feare ? Madam (me thought) his lookes hid more  
Of loue then feare.

*Ara.* Of loue ? To whom ? To you ?  
Did you deliuer those plaine words I sent,  
With such a winning iesture, and quicke looke,  
That you haue caught him ?

*La.* Madam, I meane to you.

*Ara.* Of loue to me ? Alas, thy ignorance

Lets thee not see the crosses of our births:  
 Nature, that loues not to be questioned  
 Why she did this, or that, but has her ends,  
 And knowes she does well, neuer gaue the world  
 Two things so opposite, so contraty,  
 As he and I am: If a bowle of blood  
 Drawne from this arme of mine, would poyson thee,  
 A draught of his would cure thee. Of loue to me?

*La.* Madam, I thinke I heare him.

*Ara.* Bring him in:

You Gods that would not haue your doomes withstood,  
 Whose wholly wisedomes at this time it is,  
 To make the passions of a feeble maide,  
 The way vnto your Iustice; I obey.

*La.* Here is my Lord *Philaster*.

*Enter Phi.*

*Ara.* Oh, it is well:

Withdraw your selfe.

*Phi.* Madam, your Messenger  
 Made me beleeue, you wish'd to speake with me.

*Ara.* Tis true *Philaster*; but the words are such,  
 I haue to say, and doe so ill befeeme  
 The mouth of woman, that I wish them sayd,  
 And yet am loth to speake them. Haue you knowne,  
 That I haue ought detracted from your worth?  
 Haue I in periton wrong'd you? Or haue set  
 My baser instruments to throw disgrace  
 Vpon your vertues?

*Phi.* Neuer Madam you.

*Ara.* Why then should you in such a publike place,  
 Iniure a Princesse, and a scandall lay  
 Vpon my fortunes, fam'd to be so great:  
 Calling a great part of my dowry in question?

*Phi.* Madam, this truth which I shall speake, will be  
 Foolish: but for your faire and vertuous selfe,  
 I could afford my selfe to haue no right  
 To any thing you wish'd.

*Ara.* *Philaster*, know,

I must enjoy these Kingdomes.

*Phi.* Madam, both?

*Ara.* Both, or I dye; by heauen I die *Philaster*,  
If I not calmly may enjoy them both.

*Phi.* I would doe much to saue that noble life;  
Yet would be loth to haue posterity  
Finde in our stories: that *Philaster* gaue  
His right vnto a Scepter, and a Crowne,  
To saue a Ladies longing.

*Ara.* Nay then heare:  
I must, and will haue them, and more.

*Phi.* What more?

*Ara.* Or loose that little life the gods prepared,  
To trouble this poore peece of earth withall.

*Phi.* Madam, what more?

*Ara.* Turne then away thy face.

*Phi.* No.

*Ara.* Doe.

*Phi.* I can indure it: turne away my face?

I neuer yet saw enemy that lookt  
So dreadfully, but that I thought my selfe  
As great a Basiliske as he; or spake  
So horrible, but that I thought my tongue  
Bore thunder vnderneath, as much as his:  
Nor beast that I could turne from: shall I then  
Beginne to feare sweete sounds? a Ladies voyce,  
Whom I doe loue? Say you would haue my life,  
Why, I will giue it you; for it is of me,  
A thing so loath'd, and vnto you that aske,  
Of so poore vse, that I shall make no price,  
If you intreate, I will vnouldly heare.

*Ara.* Yet for my sake a little bend thy lookes.

*Phi.* I doe.

*Ara.* Then know I must haue them, and thee.

*Phi.* And me?

*Ara.* Thy loue: without which, all the Land  
Disserued yet, will serue me for no vse,



But to be buried in.

*Phi.* Ist possible?

*Ara.* With it, it were too little to bestow  
On thee : Now, though thy breath doe strike me dead  
(Which know it may) I haue vnript my brest.

*Phi.* Madam, you are too full of noble thoughts,  
To lay a traine for this contemned life,  
Which you may haue for asking : to suspect  
Were base, where I deserue no ill ; loue you,  
By all my hopes I doe, aboue my life :  
But how this passion should proceed from you,  
So violently, would amaze a man,  
That would be iealous.

*Ara.* Another soule into my body shot,  
Could not haue filld me with more strength and spirit,  
Then this thy breath : but spend not hasty time,  
In seeking how I came thus : tis the gods,  
The gods, that make me so : and sure our loue  
Will be the nobler, and the better blest,  
In that the secret iustice of the gods  
Is mingled with it. Let vs leaue and kisse,  
Left some vnwelcome guest should fall betwixt vs,  
And we should part without it.

*Phi.* Twill be ill,  
I should abide here long.

*Ara.* Tis true : and worse,  
You should come often : How shall we deuise  
To hold intelligence ? That our true loues,  
On any new occasion may agree ;  
What path is best to tread ?

*Phi.* I haue a boy,  
Sent by the gods, I hope, to this intent,  
Not yet scene in the Court. Hunting the Bucke,  
I found him, sitting by a fountaines side,  
Of which he borrowed some to quench his thirst,  
And payd the Nymph againe as much in teares ;  
A Garland lay him by, made by himselfe,

Of many seuerall flowers, bred in the bay,  
 Stucke in that misticke order, that the rarenesse  
 Delighted me; but euer when he turned  
 His tender eyes vpon vm, he would weepe,  
 As if he meant to make vm grow againe.  
 Seeing such pretty helpelesse innocence  
 Dwell in his face, I ask'd him all his story;  
 He told me, that his Parents gentle dyed,  
 Leauing him to the mercy of the fields,  
 Which gaue him rootes; and of the Christall springs,  
 Which did not stop their courses; and the Sun,  
 Which still, he thank'd him, yeelded him his light.  
 Then tooke he vp his Garland, and did shew,  
 What euery flower, as Countrey people hold,  
 Did signifie: and how all, ordered thus,  
 Exprest his grieft: and to my thoughts did reade  
 The prettiest lecture of his Countrey Art,  
 That could be wisht: so that, me thought, I could  
 Haue studied it. I gladly entertaind him,  
 Who was glad to follow; and haue got  
 The trustiest, louingst, and the gentlest boy,  
 That euer maister kept: Him will I send  
 To waite on you, and beare our hidden loue.

*Ara.* Tis well, no more.

*Enter Lady.*

*La.* Madam, the Priace is come to doe his seruice.

*Ara.* What will you doe *Philaster* with your selfe?

*Phi.* Why, that which all the gods haue appointed out for me.

*Ara.* Deare, hide thy selfe:

Bring in the Prince.

*Phi.* Hide me from *Pharamond*?

When Thunder speakes, which is the voyce of God,  
 Though I doe reuerence, yet I hide me not;  
 And shall a stranger Prince haue leaue to brag,  
 Vnto a forraigne Nation, that he made  
*Philaster* hide himselfe.

*Ara.* He cannot know it.

*Phi.* Though it should sleepe for euer to the world,

It is a simple sinne to hide my selfe,  
Which will for euer on my conscience lie.

*Ara.* Then good *Philaster* giue him scope and way  
In what he sayes : for he is apt to speake,  
What you are loth to heare : for my sake doe.

*Phi.* I will.

*Enter Pharamond.*

*Pha.* My Princely Mistrisse, as true louers ought,  
I come to kisse these faire hands : and to shew  
In out-ward ceremonies, the deare loue  
Writ in my heart.

*Phi.* If I shall haue an answer no directlier,  
I am gone.

*Pha.* To what would he haue answer ?

*Ara.* To his claime vnto the Kingdome.

*Pha.* Sirra, I forbare you before the King.

*Phi.* Good sir doe so still, I would not talke with you,

*Pha.* But now the time is fitter, doe but offer  
To make mention of right to any Kingdome,  
Though it lie scarce habitable.

*Phi.* Good sir let me goe.

*Pha.* And by the gods.

*Phi.* Peace *Pharamond*: if thou ---

*Ara.* Leau vs *Philaster*.

*Phi.* I haue done.

*Pha.* You are gone : by heauen I'll fetch you backe.

*Phi.* You shall not need.

*Pha.* What now.

*Phi.* Know *Pharamond*,  
I loathe to brawle with such a blast as thou,  
Who art nought but a valiant voyce : But if  
Thou shalt prouoke me further : men shall say,  
Thou wert, and not lament it.

*Pha.* Doe you slight  
My greatnesse so? and in the chamber of the Princeesse?

*Phi.* It is a place, to which, I must confesse,  
I owe a reuerence : but wer't the Church;  
I at the Altar, there's no place so safe,

Where



Where thou darst inlure me, but I dare kill thee :  
And for your greatnesse; know sir, I can graspe  
You, and your greatnesse, thus, thus, into nothing :  
Giue not a word, not a word backe : Farewell.

*Exit*

*Pha.* Tis an odd fellow Madam, we must stop  
His mouth with some office, when we are married.

*Ara.* You were best make him your controwler.

*Phi.* I thinke he would discharge it well. But Madam,  
I hope our hearts are knit; but yet so slow  
The ceremonies of State are, that twill be long  
Before our hands be so : If then you please,  
Being agreed in heart, let vs not wayte  
For dreaming forme, but take a little stolne  
Delights, and so preuent our ioyes to come :

*Ara.* If you dare speake such thoughts,  
I must withdraw in honour.

*Exit Ara*

*Pha.* The constitution of my body will neuer hold out till th  
wedding : I must seeke else-where.

*Exit Ph*

*Actus 2. Scœna 1.*

Enter *Philaster* and *Bellarion*.

*Phi.* And thou shalt finde her honourable boy :  
Full of regard vnto thy tender youth,  
For thine owne modesty : and for my sake,  
Apt to giue, then thou wilt be to aske,  
I, or deserue.

*Bell.* Sir, you did take me vp when I was nothing :  
And onely yet am something, by being yours ;  
You trusted me vnknowue, and that which you were apt,  
To conserue, a simple innocence in me,  
Perhaps, might haue beene craft : the cunning of a boy  
Hardned in lies and theft ; yet venter'd you,  
To part my miseries and me : For which,  
I neuer can expect to serue a Lady,

D

Th

That beares more honour in her breast then you.

*Phi.* But boy, it will preferre thee : thou art young,  
And bearest a childish overflowing loue,  
To them that clap thy cheekes, and speake thee faire yet ;  
But when thy iudgement comes to rule those passions,  
Thou wilt remember best those carefull friends,  
That plac'd thee in the noblest way of life :  
She is a Princeesse I preferre thee to.

*Bell.* In that small time that I haue seene the world,  
I neuer knew a man hasty to part  
With a seruant he thought trusty : I remember,  
My father would preferre the boyes he kept,  
To greater men then he, but did it not,  
Till they were growne too sawcy for himselfe.

*Phi.* Why gentle boy, I finde no fault at all  
In thy behauiour.

*Bell.* Sir, if I haue made  
A fault of ignorance, instruct my youth :  
I shall be willing, if not apt to learne,  
Age and experience will adorne my mind,  
With larger knowledge : And if I haue done  
A wilfull fault, thinke me not past all hope  
For once ; what master holds so strict a hand  
Ouer his boy, that he will part with him  
Without one warning ? Let me be corrected,  
To breake my stubbornenesse, if it be so,  
Rather then turne me off, and I shall mend.

*Phi.* Thy loue doth plead so prettily to stay,  
That (trust me) I could weepe to part with thee,  
Alas, I doe not turne thee off : thou knowest  
It is my businesse that doth call thee hence,  
And when thou art with her, thou dwellest with me :  
Thinke so, and tis so : and when time is full,  
That thou hast well discharg'd this heauy trust,  
Laid on so weake a one ; I will againe,  
With ioy receiue thee ; as I liue, I will :  
Nay, weepe not, gentle boy : Tis more then time

Thou didst attend the Princeesse.

*Bell.* I am gone :

But since I am to part with you my Lord,  
And none knowes whether I shall liue to doe  
More seruice for you : take this little praier :  
Heauen blesse your lones, your fights, all your designses :  
May sicke men, if they haue your wish, be well :  
And heauen hate those you curse, though I be one. *Exit*

*Phi.* The loue of boyes vnto their Lords, is strange ;  
I haue read wonders of it, yet this boy,  
For my sake ( if a man may iudge by lookes,  
And speech ) would out-doe story. I may see  
A day to pay him for his loyalty. *Exit Phi.*

*Enter Pharamond.*

*Pha.* Why should these Ladyes stay so long ? They must come  
this way ; I know the Queene imployes vm not, for the reuerend  
mother sent mee word, they would all bee for the garden. If they  
should all proue honest now, I were in a faire taking ; I was neuer so  
long without sport in my life, and in my conscience, tis not my fault.  
Oh, for our countrey Ladyes. Heere's one boulded, I'll hound at  
her. *Enter Gallatea.*

*Gall.* Your grace.

*Pha.* Shall I not be a trouble ?

*Gall.* Not to me sir.

*Pha.* Nay, nay, you are too quicke ; by this sweete hand.

*Gall.* You'll be forsworne sir, tis but an old gloue. If you will  
talke at distance, I am for you : but good Prince be nor bawdy, nor  
doe not brag : these two I barre, and then I thinke, I shall haue  
sence enough, to answer all the waighty *Apothegmes*, your roiall  
blood shall manage.

*Pha.* Deare Lady, can you loue ?

*Gall.* Deare Prince, how deare ? I ne're cost you a Coach yet,  
nor put you to the deare repentance of a banquet ; Heere's no  
Scarlet Sir, to blush the sinne out, it was giuen for : This wyer  
mine owne haire couers : and this face has beene so farre  
from beeing deare to any, that it ne're cost penny painting :  
And for the rest of my poore Wardrobe, such as you see, it leaues



no hand behind it, to make the iealous Mercers wife, curse our good doings.

*Pha.* You mistake me Lady.

*Gall.* Lord, I doe so: would you, or I could helpe it.

*Pha.* Doe Ladyes of this Countrey, vse to giue no more respect to men of my full being?

*Gall.* Full being? I vnderstand you not, vnlesse your Grace meanes growing to fatnesse: and then your onely remedy (vpon my knowledge Prince) is, in a morning, a cuppe of neate White wine, brewd with *Cardus*, then fast till supper; about eight you may cate: vie exercise, and keepe a Sparrow-hawke, you can shoot in a Tiller: But of all, your Grace must flie *Phlebotomie*, fresh Porke, Conger, and clarified whay: They are all dullers of the vitall spirits.

*Pha.* Lady, you talke of nothing, all this while.

*Gall.* Tis very true sir, I talke of you.

*Phi.* This is a crafty wench, I like her wit well, twill bee rare to sitre vp a leaden appetite: she's a *Danae*, and must be courted in a showre of gold. Madam, looke here, all these, and more, then -----

*Gall.* What haue you there, my Lord? Gold? Now, as I liue, tis faire gold: you would haue siluer for it to play with the Pages; you could not haue taken me in a worse time: but if you haue present vse my Lord, I'll send my man with siluer, and keepe your gold for you.

*Pha.* Lady, Lady.

*Gall.* She's comming fir belhind, will take white money. Yet for all this Ile match yee.

*Exit Gall behind the hangings.*

*Pha.* If there be but two such more in this Kingdome, and neere the Court, we may euen hang vp our harpes: ten such *Champhier* constitutions as this, would call the golden age againe in question, and teach the old way for euery ill fac't husband, to get his owne children: and what a mischiefe that will breed, let all consider.

*Enter Megra.*

Heere's another: if she be of the same last, the diuell shall plucke her on. Many faire mornings, Lady.

*Meg.* As many mornings bring as many daies, Faire, sweete, and hopefull to your Grace.

*Pha.* She giues good words yet: Sure this wench is free:

If your more serious businesse doe not call you,  
Let me hold quarter with you, wee'll take an houre  
Out quickly.

*Meg.* What would your Grace talke of?

*Pha.* Of some such pretty subiect as your selfe.  
I'll goe no further then your eye, or lip,  
There's theame enough for one man for an age.

*Meg.* Sir, they stand right, and my lips are yet euen,  
Smooth, young enough, ripe enough, and red enough,  
Or my glasse wrongs me.

*Pha.* O they are two twind cherries died in blushes,  
Which those faire sunnes aboue, with their bright beames  
Reflect vpon, and ripen : sweetest beauty,  
Bow downe those branches, that the longing taste,  
Of the faint looker on, may meete those blessings,  
And taste, and liue.

*Meg.* O delicate sweete Prince ;  
She that hath snow enough about her heart,  
To take the wanton spring of ten such lynes off,  
May be a Nunne without probation .  
Sir, you haue in such neate poetry, gathered a kisse,  
That if I had but fine lines of that number,  
Such pretty begging blankes : I should commend  
Your forehead, or your cheekes, and kisse you too.

*Pha.* Doe it in prose; yon cannot misse it Madam,

*Meg.* I shall, I shall.

*Pha.* By my life you shall not :  
I'll prompt you first : Can you doe it now ?

*Meg.* Me thlnkes tis easie, now I ha don't before :  
But yet I should sticke at it.

*Pha.* Sticke till to-morrow,  
I'll ne're part you sweetest. But we lose time ;  
Can you loue me ?

*Meg.* Loue you my Lord ? How would you haue me loue you ?

*Pha.* I'll teach you in a short sentence, 'cause I will not load your  
memory, this is all : loue me, and lye with me.

*Meg.* Was it lie with you that you sayd ? Tis impossible.

*Pha.* Not to a willing minde, that will endeavour; if I doe not teach you to doe it as easily in one night, as you'l goe to bed: I'll loose my royall blood for't.

*Meg.* Why Prince, you haue a Lady of your owne, that yet wants teaching.

*Pha.* I'll sooner teach a Mare the old measures, then teach her any thing belonging to the function: she's afraid to lie with her selfe, if she haue but any masculine imaginations about her; I know when we are married, I must ravish her.

*Meg.* By mine honor, that's a foule fault indeed, but time and your good helpe will weare it out sir.

*Pha.* And for any other I see, excepting your deare selfe, dearest Lady, I had rather be sir *Tim* the Schoolemaster, and leape a dayrie maid. Madam

*Meg.* Has your Grace seene the Court-starre, *Gallatea*?

*Pha.* Out vpon her; she's as could of her fauour as an appoplex; she faild by but now.

*Meg.* And how doe you hold her wit sir?

*Pha.* I hold her wit? The strength of all the Guard cannot hold it, if they were tied to it, she would blow vñ out of the Kingdome. They talke of *Iupiter*, he's but a squibcracker to her: Looke well about you, and you may finde a tongue bolt. But speake sweete Lady, shall I be freely welcome?

*Meg.* Whether?

*Pha.* To your bed; if you mistrust my faith, you doe mee the vnnoblest wrong.

*Meg.* I dare not Prince, I dare not.

*Pha.* Make your owne conditions, my purse shall scale vñ, and what you dare imagine you can want, I'll furnish you withall. Giue two houres to your thoughts euery morning about it. Come, I know you are bashfull, speake in my care, will you be mine? Keepe this, and with it, me: soone I will visit you.

*Meg.* My Lord, my chamber's most vn safe, but when tis night, I'll finde some meanes to slippe into your Lodging: till when ----

*Pha.* Till when, this, and my heart goe with thee.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Gallatea from behind the hangings.*

*Gall.*



*Gall.* Oh thou pernicious petticoate Ptince, are these your vertues? Well, if I doe not lay a traine to blow your sport vp, I am no woman: and Lady Towfabell I'll fit you for't. *Exit Gall.*

*Enter Arathusa and a Lady.*

*Ara.* Where's the boy?

*La.* Within Madam.

*Ara.* Gave you him gold to buy him cloathes?

*La.* I did.

*Ara.* And has he don't?

*La.* Yes Madam.

*Ara.* Tis a pretty sad talking boy, is it not?  
Asked you his name?

*La.* No Madam.

*Enter Gallatea.*

*Ara.* O you are welcome, what good newes?

*Gall.* As good as any one can tell your Grace,  
That sayes she has done that, you would haue wish'd.

*Ara.* Hast thou discovered?

*Gall.* I haue strain'd a point of modesty for you.

*Ara.* I preethee how?

*Gall.* In listning after bawdery: I see, let a Lady liue neuer so modestly, shee shall bee sure to finde a lawfull time, to harken after bawdery; your Prince, braue *Pharamond*, was so hot on't.

*Ara.* With whom?

*Gall.* Why, with the Lady I suspected: I can tell the time and place.

*Ara.* O when, and where?

*Gall.* To night, his Lodging.

*Ara.* Runne thy selfe into the presence, mingle there againe  
With other Ladies, leaue the rest to me:  
If Desteny (to whom we dare not say,  
Why thou didst this) haue not decreed it so,  
In lasting leaues (whose smallest Carraeters  
Was neuer atterd:) yet, this match shall breake.

Where's the boy?

*Enter Bellaria.*

*La.* Here Madam.

*Ara.* Sir, you are sad to change your seruice, is it not so?

*Bell.* Madam, I haue not chang'd: I wayte on you,

To doe him seruice.

*Ara.* Thou disclaimst in me;

Tell me thy name.

*Bell.* *Bellarion.*

*Ara.* Thou canst sing, and play?

*Bell.* If griefe will giue me leaue, Madam, I can.

*Ara.* Alas, what kinde of griefe can thy yeares know?

Hadst thou a curst master, when thou wentst to schoole?

Thou art not capable of other griefe;

Thy browes and cheekes are smooth as waters be,

When no breath troubles them: belecue me boy,

Care seekes out wrinckled browes, and hollow eyes,

And builds himselfe caues to abide in them.

Come sir, tell me truely, doth your Lord loue me?

*Bell.* Loue Madam? I know not what it is.

*Ara.* Canst thou know griefe, and neuer yet knewest loue?

Thou art deceiued boy; does he speake of me

As if he wish'd me well?

*Bell.* If it be loue,

To forget all respect to his owne friends,

With thinking of your face: if it be loue

To sit crosse arm'd, and thinke away the day,

Mingled with starts, crying your name as loud,

And hastily, as men in the streetes doe fire;

If it be loue, to weepe himselfe away,

When he but heares of any Lady dead,

Or kil'd, because it might haue beene your chance.

If when he goes to rest (which will not be)

Twixt euery prayer he saies, to name you once

As others drop a bead; be to be in loue;

Then Madam, I dare sweare he loues you.

*Ara.* O, y'are a cunning boy, and taught to lie,

For your Lords credit; but thou knowest, a lie

That beares this sound, is welcomer to me,

Then any truth that saies he loues me not.

Leade the way boy: Doe you attend me too:

Tis thy Lords businesse hastes me thus: Away.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter*

*Enter Dion, Clemeant, Trasilin, Megra, Gallatea.*

*Di.* Come Ladyes, shall we talke a round : As men  
Doe walke a mile, women should talke an houre  
After supper : Tis their exercise.

*Gall.* Tis late.

*Meg.* Tis all,  
My eyes will doe to lead me to my bed.

*Gall.* I feare they are so heauy, theile scarce finde  
The way to your owne lodging, with van to night.

*Enter Pharamond.*

*Tra.* The Prince.

*Pha.* Not abed Ladyes, y'are good sitters vp ;  
What thinke you of a pleasant dreame to last  
Till morning.

*Meg.* I should chose my Lord a pleasing wake before it.

*Enter Arathusa, and Ballario.*

*Ara.* Tis well my Lord : y'are courting of these Ladyes :  
Is't not late Gentlemen ?

*Cle.* Yes Madam.

*Ara.* Waite you there.

*Exit Arathusa.*

*Meg.* She's iealous, as I liue : looke you my Lord,  
The Princeesse has a *Hilas*, an *Adonis*.

*Pha.* His forme is Angell-like.

*Meg.* Why this is he, must, when you are wed,  
Sit by your pillow, like young *Apollo*, with  
His hand and voyce binding your thoughts in sleepe :  
The Princeesse does prouide him for you, and for her selfe.

*Pha.* I finde no musique in these boyes.

*Meg.* Nor I.

They can doe little, and that small they doe,  
They haue not wit to hide.

*Di.* Serues he the Princeesse ?

*Tra.* Yes.

*Di.* Tis a sweete boy, how braue she keeps him ?

*Pha.* Ladyes all good rest; I meane to kill a Bucke  
To morrow morning, ere y'haue done your dreames.

*Meg.* All happinesse attend your Grace : Gentlemen good rest,

E

Come



Come shall we to bed?

*Gall.* Yes, all good night.

*Exit Gall. Meg.*

*Di.* May your dreames be true to you:

What shall we doe Gallants? Tis late, the King

Is vp still, see he comes, a Guard along

With him.

*Enter King, Arathusa, and Guard.*

*K.* Looke your intelligence be true.

*Ara.* Vpon my life it is: and I doe hope,  
Your highnesse will not tie me to a man,  
That in the heate of woiing throwes me off,  
And takes another.

*Di.* What should this meane?

*K.* If it be true,

That Lady had bin better haue embrac'd

Curelesse diseases; get you to your rest, *Ex. Ara. Bell.*

You shall be righted. Gentlemen, draw neere,

We shall imploiy you: Is young *Pharamond*

Come to his lodging?

*Di.* I saw him enter there.

*K.* Halt some of you, and cunningly discouer,  
If *Megra* be in her lodging.

*Cle.* Sir,

She parted hence but now with other Ladyes.

*K.* If she be there, we shall not need to make  
A vaine discouery of our suspicion.

You gods I see, that who vnrightheously

Holds wealth, or state from others, shall be curst,

In that, which meaner men are blest withall:

Ages to come, shall know no mile of him

Left to inherit: and his name shall be

Blotted from earth: If he haue any child,

It shall be crossely match'd: the gods themselues

Shall sow wilde strife betwixt her Lord and her.

Yet, if it be your wills, forgieue the sinne

I haue committed, let it not fall

Vpon this vnderstanding child of mine,

She has not broke your Lawes: but how can I

Looke

Looke to be heard of gods, that must be iust,  
Praying vpon the ground I hold by wrong?

*Enter Dion.*

*Di.* Sir I haue asked, and her women sweare shee is within,  
but they I thinke are bawdes; I told vm I must speake with her;  
they laught, and said their Lady lay speechlesse; I said, my bu-  
sinesse was important, they said their Lady was about it: I grew  
hot, and cryed, my businesse was a matter, that concern'd life  
and death; they answered, so was sleeping, at which their Lady  
was; I vrg'd againe, shee had scarce time to bee so, since last  
I saw her; they smilde againe, and seem'd to instruct mee,  
that sleeping was nothing but lying downe and winking: An-  
swers more direct I could not get: in short sir, I thinke she is not  
there.

*K.* Tis then no time to dally: you o'th Guard,  
Waite at the backe dore of the Princes lodging,  
And see that none passe thence vpon your liues.  
Knocke Gentlemen: knocke loud: lowder yet:  
What, has their pleasure taken off their hearing?  
I'le breake your meditations: knocke againe:  
Not yet: I doe not thinke he sleepe, hauing his  
Larum by him; once more, *Pharamond*, Prince.

*Pharamond above.*

*[Pha.* What sawcy groome knocks at this dead of night?  
Where be our waiters? By my vexed soule,  
He meetes his death, that meetes me for this boldnesse.

*K.* Prince, you wrong your thoughts, we are your friends,  
Come downe.

*Pha.* The King?

*K.* The same sir, Come downe,  
We haue cause of present counsell with you.

*Pha.* If your Grace please to vse me, I'le attend you  
To your chamber.

*Pha. below.*

*K.* No, tis too late Prince, I'le make bold with yours.

*Pha.* I haue some priuate reasons to my selfe,  
Makes me vnmannerly, and say you cannot:

Nay prease not forward Gentlemen, he must come  
Through my life, that comes here.

*K.* Sir, be resolu'd, I must, and will come : Enter.

*Pha.* I will not be dishonor'd :

He that enters, enters vpon his death :  
Sir, tis a signe you make no stranger of me,  
To bring these renegados to my chamber,  
At these vnseasond houres.

*K.* Why doe you

Chafe your selfe so ? you are not wrong'd, nor sha'll be :  
Onely I'll search your lodging, for some cause  
To our selfe knowne : Enter I say.

*Pha.* I say no.

*Meg. above.*

*Meg.* Let vm enter Prince,

Let vm enter, I am vp, and ready : I know there businesse,  
Tis the poore breaking of a Ladies honour,  
They hunt so hotly after : let vm enioy it :  
You haue your businesse Gentlemen, I lay here.  
O my Lord the King, this is not noble in you,  
To make publike the weakenesse of a woman.

*K.* Come downe.

*Meg.* I dare my Lord : your whootings, and your clamors,  
Your priuate whispers, and your broad fleerings,  
Can no more vex my soule, then this base carriage,  
But I haue vengeance yet in store for some,  
Shall in the most contempt you can haue of me,  
Be ioy and nourishment.

*K.* Will you come downe ?

*Meg.* Yes, to laugh at your worst : but I shall wring you  
If my skill faile me not.

*K.* Sir, I must dearely chide you for this loosenesse,  
You haue wrong'd a worthy Lady; but no more,  
Conduct him to my Lodging, and to bed :

*Cle.* Get him another wench, and you bring him to bed indeed.

*Di.* Tis strange a man cannot ride a stagge  
Or two, to breathe himselfe, without a warrant :  
If this geere hold, that lodgings be search'd thus,

Pray



Pray God we may lie with our owne wiues in safety,  
That they be not by some trick of State mistaken.

*Enter with Megra.*

*K.* Now Lady of honour, where's your honour now?  
No man can fir your pallat, but the Prince.  
Thou most ill shrowded rottenesse: thou piece  
Made by a Painter and a Pothicary:  
Thou troubled sea of lust: thou wildernesse,  
Inhabited by wild thoughts: thou swolne clowd  
Of Infection: thou ripe mine of all diseases:  
Thou all sinne, all hell, and last, all Diuells. Tell me,  
Had you none to pull on with your courtesies,  
But he that must be mine, and wrong my daughter.  
By all the gods, all these, and all the Pages,  
And all the Court, shall hoot thee through the Court,  
Fling rotten Oranges, make ribal'drimes,  
And seare thy name with candles vpon walls:  
Doe ye laugh Lady *Venus*?

*Meg.* Faith sir, you must pardon me;  
I cannot chuse but laugh to see you merry.  
If you doe this, O King: nay, if you dare doe it;  
By all those gods you swore by, and as many  
More of my owne; I will haue fellowes, and such  
Fellowes in it, as shall make noble mirth:  
The Princessle your deare daughter, shall stand by me  
On walls, and sung in ballads, any thing:  
Vrge me no more, I know her, and her haunts,  
Her layes, leaps, and outlayes, and will discouer all;  
Nay will dishonor her. I know the boy  
She keepes, a handsome boy: about eightene:  
Know what she does with him, where, and when.  
Come sir, you put me to a womans madnesse,  
The glory of a fury; and if I doe not  
Doe it to the height!

*K.* What boy is this she raues at?

*Meg.* Alas, good minded Prince, you know not these things;  
I am leath to reueale ym. Keepe this fault

As you would keepe your health from the hot aire  
 Of the corrupted people, or by heauen,  
 I will not fall alone: what I haue knowne,  
 Shall be as publique as a print: all tongues  
 Shall speake it as they doe the language they  
 Are borne in, as free and commonly; I'll set it  
 Like a prodigious starre for all to gaze at,  
 And so high and glowing: that other Kingdomes far & forraigne,  
 Shall reade it there; nay trauaile with it, till they finde  
 No tongue to make it more, nor no more people;  
 And then behold the fall of your faire Princessse.

*K.* Has she a boy?

*Cle.* So please your Grace I haue seene a boy wayte  
 On her, a faire boy.

*K.* Goe get you to your quarter:  
 For this time I'le study to forget you.

*Meg.* Doe you study to forget me, and I'le study  
 To forget you.

*Ex. K. Meg. Guard.*

*Cle.* Why, here's a male spirit fit for *Hercules*, if eu' there bee  
 nine worthies of women, this wench shall ride astride, and be their  
 Captaine.

*Di.* Sure she has a garrison of Diuells in her tongue, shee vtte-  
 red such balls of wild-fire. She has somerset the King, that all  
 the Doctores in the Countrey will scarce cure him. That boy was  
 a strange found out antidote to cure her infections: thatt boy, that  
 Princessse boy; that braue chaste, vertuous Ladies boy: and a faire  
 boy, a well spoken boy. All these considered, can make nothing  
 else --- but there I leaue you Gentlemen.

*Tra.* Nay, wee le goe wander with you.

*Exeunt.*

*Actus 3. Scœna. I.*

*Enter Cle. Di. Tra.*

*Cle.* Nay, doubtlesse tis true.

*Di.* I, and tis the gods

That

That raise this punishment to scourge the King  
With his owne issue : Is it not a shame  
For vs, that should write noble in the land ;  
For vs, that should be free men, to behold  
A man, that is the brauery of his age,  
*Philaster* : prest drowne from his royall right,  
By this regardlesse King : and onely looke,  
And see the Scepter ready to be cast  
Into the hands of that lasciuious Lady,  
That liues in lust with a smooth boy, now to be  
Married to yon strange Prince; who, but that people  
Please to let him be a Prince, is borne a slaue.  
In that which should be his most noble part:  
His minde.

*Tra.* That man that would not stirre with you,  
To aide *Philaster*, let the gods forget,  
That such a creature walkes vpon the earth.

*Cle.* *Philaster* is too backward in himselfe;  
The Gentry doe awaite it; and the people  
Against their nature are all bent for him;  
And like a field of standing corne, that's moued  
With a stiffe gale; their heads bow all one way.

*Di.* The onely cause that drawes *Philaster* backe,  
From this attempt, is the faire Princeesse loue,  
Which he admires, and we can now confute.

*Tra.* Perhaps he'll not beleue it.

*Di.* Why Gentlemen, tis without question so.

*Cle.* I tis past speech, she liues dishonestly.  
But how shall we, if he be curious, worke  
Vpon his faith.

*Tra.* We all are satisfied within our selues.

*Di.* Since it is true, and tends to his owne good,  
I'll make this new report to be my knowledge;  
I'll say I know it, nay, I'll sweare I saw it.

*Cle.* It will be best.

*Enter Phila.*

*Tra.* I will moue him.

*Di.* Here he comes : Good morrow to your honor.



We haue spent some time in seeking you.

*Phi.* My worthy friends,  
You that can keepe your memories, to know  
Your friend in miseries, and cannot frowne  
On men disgrac'd for vertue; A good day  
Attend you all. What seruice may I doe  
Worthy your acceptation?

*Di.* My good Lord,  
We come to vrge that vertue which we know  
Liues in your breast, forth, rise, and make a head,  
The Nobles, and the people are all dull'd  
With this vsurping King; and not a man  
That euer heard the word, or knowne such a thing  
As Vertue, but will second your attempts.

*Phi.* How honourable is this loue in you.  
To me that haue deseru'd none? Know my friends  
(You that were borne to shame your poore *Philaster*  
With too much courtesie) I could afford  
To melt my selfe to thanks: but my designs  
Are not yet ripe, suffice it, that ere long  
I shall imploy your loues; but yet the time  
Is short of what I would.

*Di.* The time is fuller sir, then you expect:  
That which hereafter, will not perhaps be reach'd  
By violence, may now be caught: As for the King,  
You know the people haue long hated him:  
But now the Princeesse, whom they lou'd,

*Phi.* Why, what of her?

*Di.* Is loath'd as much as he.

*Phi.* By what strange meanes?

*Di.* She's knowne a whore.

*Di.* Thou liest.

*Di.* My Lord

*Phi.* Thou liest.

*Offers to draw, and is held.*

And thou shalt feele it; I had thought thy minde  
Had bene of honour: thus to rob a Lady  
Of her good name, is an infectious sinne,

Not to be pardon'd; be it false as hell,  
Twill neuer be redeem'd, if it be sowne  
Amongst the people, fruitfull to increase  
All euill they shall heare. Let me alone,  
That I may cut off falshood, whilst it springs:  
Set hills on hills betwixt me and the man  
That vtters this, and I will scale them all,  
And from the vtmost top fall on his necke,  
Like thunder from a clowd.

*Di.* This is most strange,  
Sure he does loue her.

*Phi.* I doe loue faire truth:  
She is my mistresse, and who iniures her,  
Drawes vengeance from me. Sirs, let goe my armes.

*Tra.* Nay, good my Lord be patient.

*Cle.* Sir, remember this is your honor'd friend,  
That comes to doe his seruice, and will shew you  
Why he vtter'd this.

*Phi.* I aske you pardon sir,  
My zeale to truth made me vnmanly:  
Should I haue heard dishonour spoke of you,  
Behind your backe vtruely, I had beene  
As much distemperd, and enrag'd as now.

*Di.* But this, my Lord, is truth.

*Phi.* O say not so, good sir forbear to say so,  
Tis then truth that woman-kind is false;  
Vrge it no more, it is impossible;  
Why should you thinke the Princeesse light?

*Di.* Why, she was taken at it.

*Phi.* Tis false, by heauen tis false: it cannot be,  
Can it? Speake Gentlemen, for Gods loue speake;  
Is't possible? can women all be damn'd?

*Di.* Why no, my Lord.

*Phi.* Why then it cannot be.

*Di.* And she was taken with her boy.

*Phi.* What boy?

*Di.* A Page, a boy that serues her.

*Phi.* Oh good gods, a little boy?

*Di.* I, know you him my Lord?

*Phi.* Hell and sinne know him; sir, you are deceiu'd:  
I'll reason it a little coldly with you;  
If she were lustfull, would she take a boy,  
That knowes not yet desire? she would haue one  
Should meete her thoughts, and know the sinne he acts,  
Which is the great delight of wickednesse:  
You are abus'd, and so is she, and I.

*Di.* How you, my Lord?

*Phi.* Why, all the world's abus'd,  
In an vnjust report.

*Di.* Oh, noble sir, your vertues  
Cannot looke into the subtle thoughts of woman.  
In short, my Lord, I tooke them: I my selfe.

*Phi.* Now all the diuells thou didst, flie from my rage,  
Would thou hadst tane diuells ingendring plagues,  
When thou didst take them; hide thee from mine eyes;  
Would thou hadst tane thunder on thy breast,  
When thou didst take them; or bin stricken dumbe  
For euer: that this foule deed might haue slept  
In silence.

*Tra.* Haue you knowne him so ill temperd?

*Cle.* Neuer before.

*Phi.* The winds that are let loose,  
From the foure seuerall corners of the earth,  
And spread themselues all ouer sea and land,  
Kisse not a chaste one. What friend beares a sword  
To runne me through?

*Di.* Why, my Lord, are you so mou'd at this?

*Phi.* When any fall from vertue, I am distracted,  
I haue an interest in't.

*Di.* But good my Lord recall your selfe,  
And thinke what's best to be done.

*Phi.* I thank you, I will doe it:  
Please you to leaue me, I'll consider of it;  
To morrow I will finde your lodging forth,



And give you answer.

*Di.* All the gods direct you  
The readiest way.

*Tra.* He was extreame impatient.

*Cle.* It was his vertue, and his noble minde.

*Exit Di. Cle. Tra.*

*Phi.* I had forgot to aske him where he tooke them,  
• Ele follow him. Oh, that I had a sea  
Within my breast, to quench the fire I feele;  
More circumstances will but fan this fire:  
It more afflicts me now, to know by whom  
This deed is done, then simply that tis done:  
And he that tells me this is honourable,  
As farre from lies, as she is farre from truth.  
O that like beasts, we could not grieue our selues,  
With that we see not; Bulls and Rams will fight,  
To keepe their females, standing in their sight:  
But take vm from them, and you take at once  
Their spleenes away: and they will fall againe  
Vnto their pastures, growing fresh and fat,  
And taste the waters of the springs as sweete,  
As was before: finding no start in sleepe.  
But miserable man!

*Phi.* See, see, you gods, *Enter Bellario.*  
He walkes thus; and the face you let him weare  
When he was innocent, is still the same,  
Not blasted; is this Iustice? Doe you meane  
To entrap mortality, that you allow  
Treason so smooth a brow? I cannot now  
Thinke he is guilty.

*Bell.* Health to you my Lord:  
The Princesse doth commend her loue, her life,  
And this vnto you.

*Phi.* Oh *Bellario*:  
Now I perceiue she loues me; she does shew it  
In louing thee my boy, she has made thee braue.

*Bell.* My Lord she has attir'd me past my wish,

Past my desert; more fit for her attendant,  
Though farre vnfit for me, who doe attend.

*Phi.* Thou art growne courtly boy. Oh, let all women  
That loue blacke deedes, learne to dissemble here,  
Here, by this paper; she does write to me,  
As if her heart were mines of Adamant  
To all the world besides, but vnto me,  
A maiden snow that melted with my lookes.  
Tell me my boy, how doth the Princeesse vse thee?  
For I shall giue her loue to me by that.

*Bell.* Scarce like her seruant, but as if I were  
Something allyed to her; Or had prefer'd  
Her life three times by my fidelity,  
As mothers sonne doe vie there onely sonnes:  
As I'de vie one, that's left vnto my trust,  
For whom my life should pay, if he met harme,  
So she does vie me.

*Phi.* Why this is wondrous well:  
But what kinde language does she feede thee with?

*Bell.* Why, she does tell me, she will trust my youth  
With all her louing secrets; and does call me  
Her pretty seruant, bids me weepe no more  
For leauing you: shee see my seruices  
Regarded; and such words of that soft straine,  
That I am neerer weeping when she ends,  
Then ere she spake.

*Phi.* This is much better still.

*Bell.* Are you not ill my Lord?

*Phi.* Ill? No *Bellario*.

*Bell.* Me thinkes your words  
Fall not from off your tongue so euently,  
Nor is there in your lookes that quietnesse,  
That I was wont to see.

*Phi.* Thou art deceiu'd boy:  
And she strokes thy head?

*Bell.* Yes.

*Phi.* And she does clap thy cheekes?

*Bell.*

*Bell.* She does my Lord.

*Phi.* And she does kisse thee boy? ha?

*Bell.* How my Lord?

*Phi.* She kisses thee?

*Bell.* Neuer my Lord, by heauen.

*Phi.* That's strange: I know she does.

*Bell.* No, by my life.

*Phi.* Why then she does not loue me; come, she does:

I bad her doe it: I charg'd her by all charmes  
Of loue betweene vs, by the hope of peace  
We should enioy, to yeelde thee all delights  
Naked, as to her bed: I tooke her oath  
Thou shouldst enioy her: Tell me gentle boy,  
Is she not parrallele? Is not her breath,  
Sweete as *Arabian* winds, when fruits are ripe?  
Are not her breasts two liquid Iuory balls?  
Is she not all, a lasting mine of ioy?

*Bell.* I, now I see, why my disturbed thoughts  
Were so perplext. When first I went to her  
My heart held augury: you are abusde,  
Some villaine has abusde you: I doe see  
Whereto you tend: fall rocks vpon his head,  
That put this to you: tis some subtile traine,  
To bring that noble frame of yours to nought.

*Phi.* Thou thinkst I will be angry with thee: Come,  
Thou shalt know all my drift; I hate her more,  
Then I loue happineffe, and placed thee there,  
To pry with narrow eyes into her deeds:  
Hast thou discouered? Is she false to lust,  
As I would wish her? Speake some comfort to me.

*Bell.* My Lord, you did mistake the boy you sent:  
Had she the lust of Sparrowes, or of Goates;  
Had she a sinne that way, hid from the world,  
Beyond the name of lust, I would not aide  
Her base desires: but what I came to know  
As seruant to her, I would not reueale,  
To make my life last ages.



*Phi.* Oh my heart !

This is a ialue worse then the maine disease,  
Tell me thy thoughts; for I will know the least  
That dwells within thee, or will rip thy heart  
To know it; I will see thy thoughts as plaine,  
As I doe now thy face.

*Bell.* Why so you doe :

She is (for ought I know) by all the gods,  
As chaste as Ice : but were she foule as hell,  
And I did know it, thus : the breath of Kings,  
The points of swords, tortures, nor buls of Brasse,  
Should draw it from me.

*Phi.* Then tis no time to da'ly with thee ;  
I will take thy life, for I doe hate thee :  
I could curse thee now.

*Bell.* If you doe hate, you could not curse me worse :  
The gods haue not a punishment in store,  
Greater for me, then is your hate.

*Phi.* Fe, fie, so young, and so dissembling.  
Tell me when, and where, thou didst enioy her,  
Or let plagues fall on me, if I destroy thee not.

*Bell.* By heauen I neuer did : and when I lie  
To saue my life, may I liue long and loath'd ;  
Hew me asunder, and whilst I can thinke,  
I'll loue those pieces you haue cut away,  
Better then those that grow : and kisse those limbes,  
Because you made vm so.

*Phi.* Fearst thou not death ?  
Can he yes contemne that ?

*Fell.* Oh, what boy is he,  
Can be content to liue to be a man,  
That sees the best of men thus passionate,  
Thus without reason ?

*Phi.* Oh, but thou doest not know what tis to dye.

*Bell.* Yes, I doe know my Lord :  
Tis lesse then to be borne ; a lasting sleepe,  
A quiet resting from all icalousie :

## Philaster.

A thing we all persue: I know besides,  
It is but giuing ouer of a game,  
That must be lost.

*Phi.* But there are paines, false boy,  
For periur'd soules: thinke but on those, and then  
Thy heart will melt, and thou wilt vtter all.

*Bell.* May they fall all vpon me whilst I liue,  
If I be periur'd, or haue euer thought  
Of that you charge me with; If I be false,  
Send me to suffer in those punishments  
You speake of: kill me.

Oh, what should I doe?

Why, who can but belecue him? He does sweare  
So earnestly, that if it were not true,  
The gods would not endure him. Rise *Bellarie*,  
Thy protestations are so deepe; and thou  
Doe'st looke so truely, when thou vtterst them,  
That though I know v'm false, as were my hopes,  
I cannot vrge thee further; but thou wert  
Too blame to iniure me, for I must loue  
Thy honest lookes, and take no reuenge vpon  
Thy tender youth: A loue from me to thee  
Is firme, what e're thou doe'st: It troubles me  
That I haue call'd the blood out of thy cheekes,  
That did so well become thee: But good boy  
Let me not see thee more: something is done,  
That will distract me, that will make me mad,  
If I behold thee: if thou tenderst me,  
Let me not see thee.

*Bell.* I will flie as farre  
As there is morning, ere I giue distaste  
To that most honor'd mind. But through these teares  
Shed at my hopelesse parting, I can see  
A world of treason practis'd vpon you,  
And her, and me. Farewell for euer more:  
If you shall heare, that sorrow stricke me dead,  
And after finde me loyall; let there be

A teare shed from you, in my memory,  
And I shall rest at peace.

*Exit Bell.*

*Phi.* Blessing be with thee,  
What euer thou deseruest. Oh, where shall I  
Goe bathe this body? Nature too vnkinde,  
That made no medicine for a troubled minde. *Ex. Phi.*

*Enter Arathusa.*

*Ara.* I maruaile my boy comes not backe againe;  
But that I know my loue will question him,  
Ouer and ouer; how I slept, wak'd, talk'd;  
How I remembred him when his deare name  
Was last spoke, and how, when I sigh'd, wept, sung,  
And ten thousand such: I should be angry  
At his stay.

*Enter King.*

*K.* What, at your meditations? Who attends you?

*Ara.* None but my single selfe, I neede no guard:  
I doe no wrong, nor feare none.

*K.* Tell me: haue you not a boy?

*Ara.* Yes sir.

*K.* What kinde of boy?

*Ara.* A Page, a wayting boy.

*K.* A handsome boy?

*Ara.* I thinke he be not vgly:  
Well qualified, and dutifull, I know him,  
I tooke him not for beauty.

*K.* He speakes, and sings, and playes?

*Ara.* Yes sir.

*K.* About eightene?

*Ara.* I neuer ask'd his age.

*K.* Is he full of seruice?

*Ara.* By your pardon, why doe you aske?

*K.* Put him away.

*Ara.* Sir.

*K.* Put him away I say, 'has done you that good seruice  
Shames me to speake of.

*Ara.* Good sir let me vnderstand you.

*K.*



*K.* If you feare me,  
Shew it in duty ; put away that boy.

*Ara.* Let me haue reason for it fir, and then  
Your will is my command.

*K.* Doe not you blush to aske it ? Cast him off,  
Or I shall doe the same to you. Y'are one  
Shame with me, and so neere vnto my selfe,  
That by my life, I dare not tell my selfe,  
What you, my selfe, haue done.

*Ara.* What I haue done, my Lord ?

*K.* Tis a new language, that all lone to learne :  
The common people speake it well already,  
They need no Grammer ; vnderstand me well,  
There be foule whispers stirring : cast him off,  
And suddenly ; doe it : Farewell. *Exit King.*

*Ara.* Where may a maiden liue securely free,  
Keeping her honour faire ? Not with the liuing,  
They feede vpon opinions, errors, dreames,  
And make vnto truths : they draw a nourishment  
Out of defamings, grow vpon disgraces,  
And when they see a vertue fortified,  
Strongly about the battry of their tongues,  
Oh, how they cast to sinke it : and defeated  
(Soule sicke with poison) strike the Monuments  
Where noble names lie sleeping : till they sweat,  
And the cold Marble melt.

*Enter Philaster.*

*Phi.* Peace to your fairest thoughts, deereft Mistresse.

*Ara.* Oh, my deereft seruant, I haue a warre within me.

*Phi.* He must be more then man, that makes these Christals  
Run into riuers : sweetest faire, the cause :  
And as I am your slaue, tied to your goodnesse,  
Your creature, made againe from what I was,  
And newly spirited : I'le right your honor.

*Ara.* Oh, my best loue ; that boy !

*Phi.* What boy ?

*Ara.* The pretty boy you gaue me.

*Phi.* What of him?

*Ara.* Must be no more mine.

*Phi.* Why?

*Ara.* They are iealous of him.

*Phi.* Iealous, who?

*Ara.* The King.

*Phi.* Oh my misfortune,

Then tis no idle iealousie. Let him goe.

*Ara.* Oh cruell, are you hard hearted too?

Who shall now tell you, how much I loued you?

Who shall sweare it to you, and weepe the teares I send?

Who shall now bring you letters, rings, bracelets?

Loose his health in seruice? Wake tedious nights

In stories of your praise? Who shall sing

Your crying Elegies? And strike a sad soule

Into senselesse pictures, and make them mourne?

Who shall take vp his Lute, and touch it, till

He crowne a silent sleepe vpon my eye-lids,

Making me dreame, and cry, Oh my deere,

Deare *Philaster*?

*Phi.* Oh my heart?

Would he had broken thee, that made thee know

This Lady was not loyall. Mistrisse, forget

The boy, I'll get thee a farre better.

*Ara.* Oh neuer, neuer such a boy againe,

As my *Billario*.

*Bell.* Tis but your fond affection.

*Ara.* With thee my boy, farewell for euer,

All secrecy in seruants: farewell faith,

And all desire to doe well for it selfe:

Let all that shall succeed thee, for thy wrongs,

Sell, and betray chaste loue.

*Phi.* And all this passion for a boy?

*Ara.* He was your boy, and you put him to me,

And the losse of such, must haue a mourning for.

*Phi.* Oh thou forgetfull woman!

*Ara.* How, my Lord?

*Phi.* False *Arathusa*!

Hast thou a medicine to restore my wits,  
When I haue lost vm? If not, leaue to talke,  
And doe thus.

*Ara.* Doe what sir? would you sleepe?

*Phi.* For euer *Arathusa*. Oh you Gods,  
Giue me a worthy patience: Haue I stood  
Naked, alone, the shooke of many fortunes?  
Haue I seene mischiefes numberlesse, and mighty,  
Grow like a sea vpon me? Haue I taken  
Danger as sterne as death into my bosome,  
And laught vpon it, made it but a mirth,  
And flung it by? Doe I liue now like him,  
Vnder this tyrant King, that languishing  
Heares his sad bell, and sees his mourners? Doe I  
Beare all this brauely? and must sinke at length  
Vnder a womans falshood? Oh that boy,  
That cursed boy! None but a villaine boy,  
To ease your lutt?

*Ara.* Nay, then I am betrayed,  
I feele the plot cast for my ouerthrow:  
Oh I am wretched.

*Phi.* Now you may take that little right I haue  
To this poore Kingdome: giue it to your Ioy,  
For I haue no ioy in it. Some farre place,  
Where neuer woman kinde durst set her foote,  
For bursting with her poisons, must I seeke,  
And liue to curse you:  
There dig a Caue, and preach to birds, and beasts,  
What woman is, and helpe to saue them from you.  
How heauen is in your eyes, but in your hearts,  
More hell then hell has. How your tongues like Scorpions,  
Both heale and poyson. How your thoughts are wouen  
With thousand changes in one subtile webbe,  
And worne so by you. How that foolish man,  
That reades the story of a womans face,  
And dies beleeuing it: is lost for euer.



How all the good you haue, is but a shaddow,  
 I'th morning with you, and at night behind you,  
 Past and forgotten. How your vowes are frosts,  
 Fast for a night, and with the next Sun gone.  
 How you are, being taken all together,  
 A meere confusion, and so dead a *Chaos*,  
 That loue cannot distinguish. These sad texts  
 Till my last houre, I am bound to vtter of you:  
 So farewell all my woe, all my delight.

*Exit Phi.*

*Ara.* Be mercifull ye gods, and strike me dead:  
 What way haue I deseru'd this? Make my breast  
 Transparant as pure Christall, that the world  
 Iealous of me, may see the foulest thought  
 My heart holds. Where shall a woman turne her eyes  
 To finde out constancy? Saue me, how blacke *Ent. Bell.*  
 And guiltily (me thinkes) that boy lookes now?  
 Oh thou dissembler, that before thou spakst,  
 Wert in thy cradle false! sent to make lies,  
 And betray innocents: thy Lord and thou,  
 May glory in the ashes of a maid,  
 Foold by her passion: but the conquest is,  
 Nothing so great as wicked. Flie away,  
 Let my command force thee to that, which shame  
 Would doe without it. If thou vnderstoodst  
 The loathed office thou hast vndergone,  
 Why thou wouldst hide thee vnder heapes of hills,  
 Least men should dig and finde thee.

*Bell.* Oh what god,  
 Angry with men, hath sent this strange disease  
 Into the noblest minds? Madam this grieffe  
 You adde vato me, is no more then drops  
 To seas, for which they are not scene to swell:  
 My Lord hath strucke his anger through my heart,  
 And let out all the hope of future ioyes,  
 You need not bid me flye, I came to part,  
 To take my latest leaue. Fareweil for euer:  
 I durst not runne away in honesty,

From such a Lady, like a boy that stole,  
Or made some grievous fault: the power of gods  
Assist you in your sufferings: hasty time  
Reueale the truth to your abused Lord  
And mine: That he may know your worth: whilst I  
Goe seeke out some forgotten place to dye. *Exit Bell.*

*Ara.* Peace guide thee: tha'lt ouerthrowne me once,  
Yet if I had another *Troy* to lose,  
Thou, or another villaine with thy lookes,  
Might talke me out of it, and send me naked  
My haire disheueled through the fiery streetes?

*Enter a Lady*

*La.* Madam, the King would hunt, and calls for you  
With earnestnesse.

*Ara.* I am in tune to hunt:

*Diana* if thou canst rage with a maid,  
As with a man, let me discouer thee  
Bathing, and turne me to a fearefull Hynde,  
That I may dye persued by cruell hounds,  
And haue my story written in my wounds.

*Exeunt.*

*Actus 4. Scœna I.*

*Enter King, Pharamond, Arathusa, Gallatea, Megra, Dion,  
Clement, Trasilin, and attendants.*

*K.* What, are the hounds before, and all the woodmen?  
Our horses ready, and our bowes bent?

*Di.* All sir.

*K.* Y'are cloudy sir, come we haue forgotten  
Your veniall trespassse; let not that sit heauy  
Vpon your spirit; heres none dare vtter it.

*Di.* He lookes like an old surfeited stallion after his leaping, dull  
as a Dormouse: see how he sinks: the wench has shot him betweene  
winde and water, and I hope sprung a leake.

*Tra.* He needes no teaching, he strikes sure enough : his greatest fault is, he hunts too much in the purlues ; would hee woud leaue off poaching.

*Di.* And for his horne, has left it at the lodge where he lay late : Oh, hee's a pretious lyme-hound : turne him loose vpon the pursue of a Lady, and if he lose her, hang him vp i'th slip. When my fox-bitch Bewty growes prowde, I'll borrow him.

*K.* Is your boy turn'd away ?

*Ara.* You did command sir, and I obeyd you.

*K.* Tis well done : Harke ye furdur.

*Cle.* Is't possible this fellow should repent ? Mee thinkes that were not noble in him : and yet he lookes like a mortefied member, as if hee had a sicke mans salue in's mouth. If a worse man had done this fault now, some physicall Iustice or other, would presently (without the helpe of an Almanacke) haue opened the abstractions of his liuer, and let him blood with a dogge-whippe.

*Di.* See, see, how modestly yon Lady lookes, as if she came from churching with her neighbours ; why, what a diuell can a man see in her face, but that shee's honest ?

*Tra.* Faith no great matter to speake of, a foolish twinckling with the eye, that spoiles her coate ; but hee must be a cunning Harald that findes it.

*Di.* See how they muster one another ! O there's a rancke Regiment, where the Diuell carries the Colours, and his Dam Drum-major. Now the world and the flesh come behinde with the Carriage.

*Cle.* Sure this Lady has a good turne done her against her will : before, shee was common talke, now none dare say Cantharides can stirre her. Her face lookes like a warrant, willing and commanding all tongues, as they will answer it, to bee tied vp and bolted, when this Lady meanes to let her selfe loose. As I live, shee has got her a goodly protection, and a gracious ; and may vse her body discretely, for her health sake, once a weeke, excepting Lent and Dog-dayes ; Oh if they were to bee got for money, what a large summe would come out of the City for these licences.

*K.* To horse, to horse, we loose the morning Gentlemen.

*Exeunt.*  
*Enter*



*Enter two Woodmen.*

1 *Wood.* What, haue you log'd the Deere?

2 *Wood.* Yes, they are ready for the bow.

1 *Wood.* Who shootes?

2 *Wood.* The Princeesse.

1 *Wood.* No, shee'l hunt.

2 *Wood.* Shee'l take a stand I say.

1 *Wood.* Who else?

2 *Wood.* Why, the young stranger Prince.

1 *Wood.* Hee shall shoote in a stone bow for me. I neuer lou'd his beyond-sea-ship, since hee forsooke the say, for paying ten shillings: He was there at the fall of a Deere, and would needes (out of his mightinesse) giue ten groates for the Dowcets: marry the steward would haue the veluet head into the bargaine, to turfe his hat withall: I thinke he should loue venery, he is an old sir *Tristram*: for if you be remembred, he forsooke the Stagge once, to strike a raskall milking in a medow, and her he kild in the eye. Who shootes else?

2 *Wood.* The Lady *Gallatea*.

1 *Wood.* That's a good wench, and shee would not chide vs for tumbling of her women in the brakes. Shee's liberall, and by the Gods, they say she's honest, and whether that be a fault, I haue nothing to doe. There's all?

2 *Wood.* No, one more, *Megra*.

1. *Wood.* That's a firker I faith boy: There's a wench will ride her haunches as hard after a kennell of hounds, as a hunting saddle; and when she comes home, get vm clapt, and all is well againe. I haue knowne her lose her selfe three times in one afternoone (if the woods haue beene answerable) and it has beene worke enough for one man to finde her, and he has sweat for it. She rides well, and she payes well. Harke, let's goe.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Philaster.*

*Phi.* Oh, that I had beene nourish'd in these woods,  
With milke of Goates, and Akrons, and not knowne  
The right of Crownes, nor the dissembling traines  
Of womens looks: but dig'd my selfe a Caue,  
Where I, my fire, my Cattell and my bed,  
Might haue beene shut together in one skeed:

And then had taken me some mountaine girle,  
 Beaten with winds, chaste as the hardned rocks  
 Whereon she dwells : that might haue strewed my bed  
 With leaues, and reedes, and with the skins of beasts  
 Our neighbours : And haue borne at her big breasts  
 My large course issue. This had beene a life  
 Free from vexation.

*Enter Bellario.*

*Bell.* Oh wicked men !  
 An innocent may walke safe among beasts,  
 Nothing assaults me here. See, my grieued Lord.  
 Sits as his soule were searching out a way,  
 To leaue his body. Pardon me that must  
 Breake thy last commandement ; For I must speake :  
 You that are grieu'd can pittie : heare my Lord.

*Phi.* Is there a creature yet so miserable,  
 That I can pittie ?

*Bell.* Oh my noble Lord,  
 View my strange fortune, and bestow on me  
 According to your bounty (if my seruice  
 Can meritt nothing) so much as may serue  
 To keepe that little peece I hold of life,  
 From cold and hunger.

*Phi.* Is it thou ? be gone :  
 Goe sell those misbecseeming cloathes thou wearest,  
 And feed thy selfe with them.

*Bell.* Alas, my Lord, I can get nothing for them :  
 The silly countrey people thinke tis treason,  
 To touch such gay things.

*Phi.* Now by the gods, this is  
 Vnkindly done, to vex me with thy sight ;  
 Th'art false againe to thy dissembling trade :  
 How shouldst thou thinke to cozen me againe ?  
 Remaines there yet a plague vntide for me ?  
 Euen so thou wepst, and lookst, and spokst, when first  
 I tooke thee vp : curse on the time. If thy  
 Commanding teares can worke on any other,

Vse thy art, I'le not betray it. Which way  
Wilt thou take, that I may shun thee:  
For thine eyes are poison to mine; and I  
Am loth to grow in rage. This way, or that way?

*Bell.* Any will serue, but I will chuse to haue  
That path in chafe, that leades vnto my graue.

*Exit Phi. Bell. severally.*

*Enter Dion and the Woodmen.*

*Di.* This is the strangest suddaine chance! You woodman.

*1 Wood.* My Lord *Dion.*

*Di.* Saw you a Lady come this way, on a sable horse studded  
with starres of white?

*2 Wood.* Was she not young and tall?

*Di.* Yes: Rode she to the wood, or to the plaine?

*3 Wood.* Faith my Lord, we saw none. *Exit Woodmen.*

*Enter Cleonant.*

*Di.* Poxe of you questions then. What, is she found?

*Cle.* Nor will be, I thinke.

*Di.* Let him seeke his Daughter himselfe: shee cannot stray a-  
bout a little necessary naturall businesse, but the whole Court must be  
in Armes: when she has done, we shall haue peace.

*Cle.* There's already a thousand fatherlesse tales amongst vs: some  
say her horse ran away with her: some, a Wolfe persued her: others,  
t'was a plot to kill her, and that arm'd men were scene in the Woods;  
but questionlesse, she rode away willingly.

*Enter King, and Trasilus.*

*K.* Where is she?

*Cle.* Sir, I cannot tell.

*K.* How's that? Answer me so againe.

*Cle.* Sir, shall I lie?

*K.* Yes, lie and damne, rather then tell me that.

If say againe, where is she? Mutter not: -

Sir, speake you, where is she?

*Di.* Sir, I doe not know.

*K.* Speake that againe so boldly, and by heauen,  
It is thy last. You fellowes, answer me,

Where is she? Marke me all, I am your King,

H



I wish to see my daughter, shew her me :  
 I doe command you all, as you are subiects,  
 To shew her me : what, am I not your King ?  
 If I, then am I not to be obeyed ?

*Di.* Yes, if you command things possible, and honest.

*K.* Things possible and honest ? Heare me, thou,  
 Thou traytor, that dar'st confine thy King to things  
 Possible and honest ; shew her me,  
 Or let me perish, if I couer not  
 All *Cicilie* with blood.

*Di.* Faith I cannot, vnlesse you tell me where she is.

*K.* You haue betrayed me, y' haue let me loose  
 The Iewell of my life : goe, bring her me,  
 And set her here before me : tis the King  
 Will haue it so ! whose breath can still the Winds,  
 Vnclovd the Sunne, charme downe the swelling Sea,  
 And stop the fouds of heauen : speake, can it not ?

*Di.* No.

*K.* No ? Cannot the breath of Kings doe this ?

*Di.* No, nor sme!! sweete it false, if once the lungs  
 Be but corrupted.

*K.* Is it so ? Take heed.

*Di.* Sir, take you heed, how you dare the powers  
 That must be iust.

*K.* Alas, what are we Kings ?  
 Why doe you gods place vs above the rest,  
 To be seru'd, flatter'd, and ador'd, till we  
 Beleeue we hold within our hands your thunder ?  
 And when we come to try the power we haue,  
 There's not a leafe shakes at our threatnings.  
 I haue find, tis true, and here stand to be punish'd ;  
 Yet would not thus be punish'd ; let me chuse  
 My way, and lay it on.

*Di.* He articles with the gods ; would-somebody would draw  
 bonds, for the performance of couenants betwixt them.

*Enter Pha. Gallatea, and Megra.*

*K.* What, is she found ?

*Pha.*

*Pha.* No, we haue tane her horse,  
He gallopt empty by : there's some treason  
You *Gallatea* rode with her into the wood;  
Why left you her ?

*Gall.* She did command me.

*K.* Command ! you should not.

*Gall.* T'would ill become my fortunes, and my birth  
To disobey the daughter of my King.

*K.* Y'are all cunning to obey vs for our hurts,  
But I will haue her.

*Pha.* If I haue her not,  
By this hand there shall be no more *Cicellie*.

*Di.* What, will he carry it to *Spaine* in's pocket ?

*Pha.* I will not leaue one man aliue, but the King,  
A Cooke, and a Taylor.

*Di.* Yes, you may doe well to spare your Lady bedfellow, and her  
you may keepe for a spawner.

*K.* I see the iniuries I haue done, must be reueng'd.

*Di.* Sir, this is not the way to finde her out.

*K.* Run all, disperse your selues : the man that findes her,  
Or (if she be kild) the traytor, I'll make him great.

*Di.* I know some would giue five thousand pounds to finde her.

*Pha.* Come, let vs seeke.

*K.* Each man a seuerall way, here I my selfe.

*Di.* Come Gentlemen, we here.

*Cle.* Lady, you must goe search too.

*Meg.* I had rather be search'd my selfe.

*Exit omnes*

*Enter Arathusa.*

*Ara.* Where am I now ? Feete, finde me out a way,  
Without the counsell of my troubled head,  
I'll follow you boldly about these woods,  
O're mountaines, through brambles, pits, and flouds :  
Heauen I hope will ease me, I am sicke.

*Enter Bellario.*

*Bell.* Yonder's my Lady : God knowes I want nothing,  
Because I doe not wish to liue ; yet I  
Will try her charity. O heare, you that haue plenty,

From that flowing store, drop some on drie ground : see,  
 The liuely red is gone to guard her heart :  
 I feare she faints : Madam, looke vp ; she breathes not :  
 Open once more those rosie twins, and send  
 Vnto my Lord, your latest farewell : Oh, she stirres :  
 How is it Madam ? Speake comfort.

*Ara.* Tis not gently done,  
 To put me in a miserable life,  
 And hold me thete : I prethee let me goe,  
 I shall doe best without thee : I am well.

*Enter Philaster.*

*Phi.* I am too blame to be so much in rage,  
 I'll tell her coolely, when and where, I heard  
 This killing truth. I will be temperate  
 In speaking, and as iust in hearing.  
 Oh monstrous ! Tempt me not you gods, good gods  
 Tempt not a fraile man : what's he, that has a heart,  
 But he must ease it here ?

*Bell.* My Lord, helpe, helpe the Princeesse.

*Ara.* I am well : forbear.

*Phi.* Let me loue lightning, let me be embrac't  
 And kist by Scorpions, or adore the eyes  
 Of Basalisks, rather then trust the tongues  
 Of hell-bred woman. Some good god looke downe  
 And shrinke these veines vp : sticke me here a stone  
 Lasting to ages, in the memory  
 Of this damned act. Heare me you wicked ones,  
 You haue put hills of fire into this breast,  
 Not to be quench'd with teares : for which, may guilt  
 Sit on your bosomes ; At your meales, and beds,  
 Dispaire awayte you : what, before my face ?  
 Poyson of Alpes betweene your lips : Defeases  
 Be your best Issues : Nature make a curse,  
 And through it on you.

*Ara.* Deare *Philaster*, leaue  
 To be enrag'd, and heare me.

*Phi.* I haue done ;



Forgiue my passion: Not the calmed sea,  
When *Eolus* locks vp his windy brood,  
Is lesse disturb'd then I, I'll make you know't:  
Deare *Arathusa*, doe but take this sword,  
And search how temperate a heart I haue;  
Then you, and this your boy, may liue and raigne  
In lust without controule: Wilt thou *Bellarie*?  
I prethee kill me: thou art poore, and maist  
Nourish ambitious thoughts: when I am dead  
This way were freer. Am I raging now?  
If I were mad I should desire to liue;  
Sirs, feelee my pulse; whether haue you knowne  
A man in a more equall tune to die?

*Bell.* Alas my Lord, your pulse keeps madmans thne,  
So does your tongue.

*Phi.* You will not kill me then?

*Ara.* Kill you?

*Bell.* Not for the world.

*Phi.* I blame not thee,

*Bellarie*: thou hast done but that, which Gods  
Would haue transform'd themselues to doe: be gone,  
Leaue me without reply: this is the last  
Of all our meeting. Kill me with this sword;  
Be wise, or worse will follow; we are two  
Earth cannot beare at once. Resolue to doe,  
Or suffer.

*Exit Bell.*

*Ara.* If my fortune be so good, to let me fall  
Vpon thy hand, I shall haue peace in death.  
Yet tell me this, there will be no flanders,  
No Iealousie in the other world, no ill there?

*Phi.* No.

*Ara.* Shew me then the way.

*Phi.* Then guide

My feeble hand, you that haue power to doe it,  
For I must performe a peece of Iustice. If your youth  
Haue any way offended heauen, let prayers  
Short, and effectuall, reconcile you to it.

*Ara.* I am prepared.

*Enter a countrey fellow.*

*Coun.* I'll see the King, if he be in the forrest, I have hunted him these two houres: if I should come home and not see him, my sisters would laugh at me: I can see nothing but people better horst then then my selfe, that out ride me; I can heare nothing but shewing. These Kings had need of good braines, this whooping is able to put a meane man out of his wits. There's a Courtier with his sword drawne, by this hand vpon a woman, I thinke.

*Phi.* Are you at peace?

*Ara.* With heauen and earth.

*Phi.* May they diuide thy soule and body.

*Coun.* Hold dastard, strike a woman! th'art a crauen I warrant thee, thou wouldst bee loth to play halfe a dozen veines at wasters with a good fellow for a broken head.

*Phi.* Leau vs good friend.

*Ara.* What ill-bred man art thou, to intrude thy selfe Vpon our priuate sports, our recreations.

*Coun.* God vds me, I vnderstand you not; but I know the rogue has hurt you.

*Phi.* Pursue thy owne affaires; it will be ill To multiply blood vpon my head. Which thou wilt force me to.

*Coun.* I know not your rethoricke, but I can lay it on if you touch the woman.

*They fight.*

*Phi.* Slaue, take what thou deseruest.

*Ara.* Heauen guard my Lord.

*Coun.* Oh, doe you breathe?

*Phi.* I heare the tread of people: I am hurt, The gods take part against me, could this Boore Haue held me thus else? I must shist for life; Though I doe loathe it. I would finde a course, To lose it, rather by my will then force.

*Exit Philaister.*

*Coun.* I cannot follow the rogue: I preethee wench come and kisse me now.

*Enter Phara. Dion. Cle. Trasi. and woodmen.*

*Phi.* What art thou?

*Coun.*

*Conn.* Almost kild I am for a foolish woman; a knave has hurt her.

*Pha.* The Princess Gentleman! Where's the wound Madam? Is it dangerous?

*Ara.* He has not hurt me.

*Conn.* By God she lies, has hurt her in the breast, looke else.

*Pha.* O sacred spring of innocent blood!

*Di.* Tis about wonder! who should dare this?

*Ara.* I felt it not.

*Pha.* Speake villaine, who has hurt the Princess?

*Conn.* Is it the Princess?

*Di.* I.

*Conn.* Then I haue seene something yet.

*Pha.* But who has hurt her?

*Conn.* I told you a rogue, I ne're saw him before, I.

*Pha.* Madam, who did it?

*Ara.* Some dishonest wretch; alas I know him not,  
And doe forgiue him.

*Conn.* Hee's hurt too, he cannot goe farre, I made my fathers olde  
foxe lie about his eares.

*Pha.* How will you haue me kill him?

*Ara.* Not at all, tis some distracted fellow.

*Pha.* By this hand, I'll leaue neuer a piece of him bigger then a  
nut, and bring him all to you in my hat.

*Ara.* Nay, good sir,  
If you doe take him, bring him quicke to me,  
And I will study for a punishment,  
Great as his fault.

*Pha.* I will.

*Ara.* But sweare.

*Pha.* By all my loue I will. Woodman conduct the Princess to  
the King, and beare that wounded fellow to dressing. Come Gentle-  
men, wee'll follow the chase close.

*Exit Ara. Pha. Di. Cle. Tra. and 1 Woodman.*

*Conn.* I pray you friend let me see the King.

*2 Wood.* That you shall, and receiue thanks.

*Conn.* If I get cleage of this, I'll goe to see no more gay sights.

*Exeunt*



*Enter Bellario.*

*Bell.* A heavinesse neere death sits on my brow,  
And I must sleepe: Beare me thou gentle banke,  
For euer if thou wilt: you sweete ones all,  
Let me vnworthy presse you: I could wish  
I rather were a Course strewd 'ore with you,  
Then quicke aboute you. Dulnesse shuts mine eyes,  
And I am giddy; Oh, that I could take  
So sound a sleepe, that I might neuer wake.

*Enter Philaster.*

*Phi.* I haue done ill, my conscience calls me false:  
To strike at her, that would not strike at me:  
When I did fight, me thought, I heard her pray  
The gods to guard me. She may be abusive,  
And I a loathed villaine: If she be,  
She will conceale who hurt her: He has wounds,  
And cannot follow, neither knowes he me.  
Who's this? *Bellarie* sleeping? If thou beest  
Guilty, there is no iustice that thy sleepe *cry within*  
Should be so sound, and mine, whom thou hast wrong'd  
So broken. Harke, I am persued: you gods,  
I'll take this offerd meanes of my escape:  
They haue no marke to know me, but my wounds,  
If she be true, if false, let mischiefe light  
On all the world at once. Sword, print my wounds  
Vpon this sleeping boy; I ha none, I thinke  
Are mortall, nor would I lay greater on thee. *wounds him*

*Bell.* Oh, death I hope is come: blest be that hand,  
It meant me well: againe, for pitties sake.

*Phi.* I haue caught my selfe, *Phi. falls.*  
The losse of blood hath stayd my flight. Here, here  
Is he that stroke thee: take thy full reuenge,  
Vse me, as I did meane thee, worse then death:  
I'll teach thee to reuenge: this lucklesse hand  
Wounded the Princeesse, tell my followers,  
Thou didst receiue these hurts in staying me,  
And I will second thee: Get a reward,

And

*Bel.* Fly, fly my Lord, and saue your selfe.

*Phi.* How's this?

Wouldst thou I should be safe?

*Bel.* Else were it vaine

For me to liue. These little wounds I haue,  
Ha not bled much, reach me that noble hand,  
Ile helpe to couer you.

*Phi.* Art thou true to me?

*Bel.* Or let me perish loath'd. Come my good Lord,  
Creepe in among those bushes; who does know  
But that the Gods may saue your (much lou'd) breath?

*Phi.* Then I shall dye for grieſe, if not for this,  
That I haue wounded thee: what wilt thou doe?

*Bel.* Shift for my selfe well; peace, I heare vm come.

*Within.* Follow, follow, follow, that way they went.

*Bel.* With my owne wounds, Ile bloody my owne sword.  
I need not counterfeit to fall; Heauen knowes,  
That I can stand no longer.

*Enter Pharamond, Dion, Clerimond, Trisaline.*

*Pha.* To this place we haue traſt him by his blond.

*Cle.* Yonder my Lord creepes, one away.

*Di.* Stay Sir, what are you?

*Bel.* A wretched creature wounded in these woods  
By beasts; relieue me, if your names be men,  
Or I shall perish.

*Di.* This is he my Lord,  
Vpon my soule that hurt her; tis the boy,  
That wicked boy that seru'd her.

*Pha.* O thou damn'd in thy creation!  
What cause couldst thou shape to strike the Princess?

*Bel.* Then I am betrayed.

*Di.* Betrayed; no, apprehended.

*Bel.* I confesse:

Vrge it no more, that big with euill thoughts  
I set vpon her, and did make my ayme  
Her death: For charity let fall at once  
The punishment you meane, and do not load

This weary flesh with tortures.

*Pha.* I will know who hired thee to this deed,

*Bell.* Mine owne reuenge.

*Pha.* Reuenge, for what?

*Bell.* It please her to receiue

Me as her Page, and when my fortunes eb'd,  
That men strid ore them carelesse, she did showre  
Her welcome graces on me, and did swell  
My fortunes, till they ouerflowed their banks;  
Threatning the men that crost vm: when, as swift  
As stormes arise at sea, she turn'd her eyes  
To burning sunnes vpon me, and did dry  
The streames she had bestowed, leauing me worse,  
And more contemn'd then other little brookes,  
Because I had beene great. In short, I knew  
I could not liue, and therefore did desire  
To dye reueng'd.

*Pha.* If tortures can be sound,  
Long as thy naturall life, resolute to feele  
The vtmost rigour. *Philaster creepes out of a Bush.*

*Cle.* Helpe to leade him hence,

*Phi.* Turne backe you rauishers of Innocence,  
Know ye the price of that you beare away  
So rudely?

*Pha.* Who's that?

*Di.* Tis the Lord *Philaster.*

*Phi.* Tis not the treasure of all Kings in one,  
The wealth of *Tagus*, nor the rocks of pearle,  
That pauer the Court of *Neptune*, can weigh downe  
That vertue. It was I that hurt the Princesse.  
Place me, some God, vpon a *Piramis*  
Higher then hills of earth, and lend a voyce  
Loud as your thunder to me, that from thence,  
I may discourse to all the vnder-world,  
The worth that dwels in him.

*Pha.* How's this?

*Bell.* My Lord, some man.



Weary of life, that would be glad to dye.

*Phi.* Leau these vntimely courtezies *Bellario.*

*Bel.* Alas hee's mad, come will you lead me on.

*Phi.* By all the oaths that men ought most to keepe,  
And Gods doe punish most, when men do breake,  
He toucht her not. Take heede *Bellario,*  
How thou dost drowne the vertues thou hast showne  
With periury. By all the Gods 'twas I:  
You know she stood betwixt me, and my right.

*Phi.* Thy owne tongue be thy iudge.

*Cle.* It was *Philaster.*

*Di.* Is't not a braue boy?

Well Sirs, I feare me, we were all deceiued.

*Phi.* Haue I no friend here?

*Di.* Yes.

*Phi.* Then shew it:

Some good body lend a hand to draw vs neerer.  
Would you haue teares shed for you when you dye?  
Then lay me gently on his necke, that there  
I may weepe flouds, and breath forth my spirit.  
Tis not the wealth of *Plinius*, nor the gold  
Lockt in the heart of earth, can buy away  
This arme full from me, this had bin a rancome  
To haue redeemed the great *Augustus Caesar*,  
Had he bin taken, you hard hearted men,  
More stony then these mountaines, can you see  
Such cleere pure bloud drop, and not cut your flesh  
To stop his life? To bind whose bitter wounds,  
Queenes ought to teare their haire, and with their teares  
Bath vm. Forgiue me, thou that art the wealth  
Of poore *Philaster.*

*Enter King Arathusa, and a guard.*

*K.* Is the villaine taine.

*Phi.* Sir, here be two,  
Confesse the deede; but say it was *Philaster.*

*Phi.* Question it no more, it was.

*K.* The fellow that did fight with him, will tell vs that.

*Ara.* Ay me, I know he will.

*K.* Did not you know him?

*Ara.* Sir, if it was he, he was disguised.

*Phi.* I was so, oh my stars! that I should liue still!

*K.* Thou ambitious foole;

Thou that hast laid a traine for thy owne life;

Now I do meane to doe, Ile leaue to talke,

Beare him to prisor.

*Ara.* Sir, they did plot together, to take hence

This harmlesse life; should it passe vnreueng'd,

I should to earth go weeping; grant me then,

(By all the loue a father beares his child)

Their custodies, and that I may appoint

Their tortures, and their deathis.

*Di.* Death? loth: our law will not reach that, for this fault.

*K.* Tis granted; take him to you, with a guard.

Come princely *Pharamond*, this businesse past,

We may with more security, goe on

To your intended match.

*Cler.* I pray that this action loose not *Philaster* the hearts of the people.

*Di.* Feare it not, their ouerwise heads will thinke it but a trick.

*Finis Actus quarti.*

*Exeunt omnes.*

## *Actus Quintus. Scena prima.*

*Enter Dion, Clerimond, and Trasilin.*

*Tra.* Has the King sent for him to death?

*Di.* Yes but the King must know, tis not in his power to warre with heauen.

*Cle.* We linger time; the King sent for *Philaster*, and the headsmen an houre agoe.

*Tra.* Are all his wounds well?

*Di.* All they were but scratches, but the losse of bloud made him faint.

*Cle.* Wee

*Cle.* We dally Gentlemen. *Tra.* Away.

*Dio.* Weele skuffle hard before he perish. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Philaster, Arathusa, Bellario.*

*Ara.* Nay faith *Philaster*, grieue not, we are well.

*Bel.* Nay good my Lord forbear, were wondrous well.

*Phi.* Oh *Arathusa*! O *Bellarion*! leaue to be kind:

I shall be shot from Heauen, as now from earth,  
If you continue so; I am a man,  
False to a paire of the most trusty ones  
That euer earth bore, can it beare vs all?  
Forgiue and leaue me; but the King hath sent  
To call me to my death, oh shew it me,  
And then forget me: And for thee my boy,  
I shall deliuer words will mollifie  
The hearts of beasts, to spare thy innocence.

*Bel.* Alas my Lord, my life is not a thing  
Worthy your noble thoughts: tis not a life,  
Tis but a peece of childhood throwne away:  
Should I outliue you, I should then outliue  
Vertue and Honour: And when that day comes,  
If euer I shall close these eyes but once,  
May I lue spotted for my periury,  
And waste by limbs to nothing.

*Ara.* And I (the woful'st maid that euer was,  
Forc't with my hands to bring my Lord to death,)  
Doe by the honour of a Virgin sweare,  
To tell no howres beyond it.

*Phi.* Make me not hated so.

*Ara.* Come from this prison, all ioyfull to our deaths.

*Phi.* People will teare me when they find you true  
To such a wretch as I; I shall dye loath'd.  
Inioy your Kingdomes peaceably, whilst I  
For euer sleepe, forgotten with my faults.  
Euery iust seruant, euery Maid in loue,  
Will haue a peece of me, if you be true.

*Ara.* My deere Lord, say not so.

*Bel.* A peece of you?



He was not borne of women that can cut it  
And looke on.

*Phi.* Take me in teares betwixt you,  
For my heart will breake with shame and sorrow.

*Ara.* Why, tis well.

*Bel.* Lament no more.

*Phi.* What would you haue done?  
If you had wrong'd me basely, and had found  
My life no price, compar'd to yours : For loue Sirs,  
Deale with me truely.

*Bel.* Twas mistaken, Sir.

*Phi.* Why if it were.

*Bel.* Then Sir we would haue ask'd your pardon.

*Phi.* And haue hope to inloy it?

*Ara.* Inloy it? I.

*Phi.* Would you indeed? be plaine.

*Bel.* We would my Lord.

*Phi.* Forgiue me then.

*Ara.* So, so.

*Bel.* Tis as it should be now?

*Phi.* Lead to my death,

*exennt.*

*Enter King, Dion, Clerimond, Trasilin.*

*Ki.* Gentlemen, who saw the Prince?

*Cle.* So please you Sir, hee's gone to see the City,  
And the new platforme, with some Gentlemen  
Attending on him.

*Ki.* Is the Princess ready  
To bring her prisoner out?

*Tra.* Shee waites your Grace.

*Ki.* Tell her we stay.

*Di.* King, you may be deceiu'd yet;  
The head you aime at cost more setting on  
Then to be lost so lightly : If it must off  
Like a wilde ouer-flow, that soopes before him  
A golden Stacke, and with it shakes downe Bridges,  
Cracks the strong hearts of Pines, whose cable roots  
Held out a thousand stormes, a thousand thunders,

And

And so made mightier, takes whole Villages  
Vpon his back, and in that heate of pride,  
Charges strong Townes, Towers, Castles, Pallaces,  
And layes them desolate: So shall thy head,  
Thy noble head, bury the liues of thousands  
That must bleed with thee like a sacrifice,  
In thy red ruines.

*Enter Philaster Arathusa, Bellario, in a Robe and Garland.*

*Ki.* How now, what Maske is this?

*Bel.* Right royall Sir, I should  
Sing you an Epithelamion of these louers,  
But hauing lost my best ayres with my fortunes,  
And wanting a celestiaall Harpe to strike  
This blessed vnion on; thus in glad story  
I giue you all. These two faire Cedar branches,  
The noblest of the Mountaine, where they grew  
Staightest and tallest, vnder whose still shades  
The worthier beasts haue made their layars, and slep't  
Free from the Sirian Starre, and the fell thunder-stroke,  
Free from the Clouds, when they were big with humor,  
And deliuer in thousand spouts, their issues to the earth:  
O there was none but silent quiet there!  
Till neuer pleased Fortune, shot vp shrubs,  
Base vnderbrambles to diuoree these branches;  
And for a while they did so, and did raigne  
Ouer the Mountaine, and choake vp his beauty,  
With Brakes, rude Thornes and Thistles, till the Sunne  
Scorcht them euen to the roots, and dried them there;  
And now a gentler gale hath blowne againe,  
That made these branches meete and twine together,  
Neuer to be deuided: The God that sings  
His holy number ouer marriage beds,  
Hath knit their noble hearts, and here they stand  
Your children mighty King: and I haue done.

*Ki.* How, how?

*Ara.* Sir, if you loue it in plaine truth,  
For now there is no Masking in't; this Gentleman

The Prisoner that you gaue me is become  
My Keeper, and through all, the bitter throwes  
Your ieaiousies, and his ill fate haue wrought him,  
Thus nobly hath he struggled; and at length  
Arriued heere my deare husband.

*K.* Your deere husband! call in  
The Captaine of the Citadell; There you shall keepe  
Your wedding: Ile prouide a Masque shall make  
Your Himen turne his saffron into a sullen coat,  
And sing sad Requiemes to your departing soules;  
Bloud shall put out your Torches, and instead  
Of gaudy flowers about your wanton necks,  
An Axe shall hang, like a prodigious Meteor,  
Ready to crop your loues sweetes. Heare you Gods:  
From this time do I shake all tittle off,  
Of father to this woman, this base woman,  
And what there is of vengeance, in a Lyon  
Chast among dogs, or rob'd of his deare yong,  
The same inforc't more terrible, more mighty,  
Expect from me.

*Ara.* Sir,  
By that little life I haue left to sweare by,  
Theres nothing that can stirre me from my selfe.  
What I haue done, I haue done without repentance,  
For death can be no Bug-bear vnto me,  
So long as *Pharamond* is not my headsmen.

*Di.* Sweet peace vpon thy soule, thou worthy maid,  
When ere thou dyest: for this time ile excuse thee,  
Or be thy Prologue.

*Phi.* Sir, let me speake next.  
And let my dying words be better with you  
Then my dull liuing actions; if you ayme  
At the deere life of this sweet Innocent,  
Yare a Tyrant, and a sauage Monster;  
Your memory shall be as foule behind you  
As you are liuing, all your better deeds  
Shall be in water writ, but this in Marble:



No Chronicle shall speake you, though your owne,  
 But for the shame of men: No Monument  
 (Though high and big as *Peleus*) shall be able  
 To couer this base murther, make it rich  
 With Brasse, with purest gold, and shining Iasper,  
 Like the Piramides, lay on Epitaphes,  
 Such as make great men Gods; my little marble  
 (That only cloathes my ashes, not my faults)  
 Shall farre outshine it. And for after Issues  
 Thinke not so madly of the heauenly wisdome:  
 That they will giue you more, for your mad rage  
 To cut off, vnlesse it be some snake, or something  
 Like your selfe, that in his birth shall strangle you.  
 Remember my father King; there was a fault,  
 But I forgiue it: let that sinne perswade you  
 To loue this Lady. If you haue a soule,  
 Thinke, saue her, and be saued: for my selfe,  
 I haue so long expected this glad howre,  
 So languisht vnder you, and dayly withered,  
 That by the Gods it is a ioy to die,  
 I find a recreation in't.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Wheres the King?

*Ki.* Heere.

*Mes.* Get you to your strength,  
 And rescue the Prince *Pharamond* from danger,  
 Hee's taken Prisoner by the Citizens,  
 Fearing the Lord *Philaster*.

*Di.* O braue Followers,  
 Muteny, my fine deere Countrimen, muteny,  
 Now my braue valliant foremen, shew your weapons,  
 In honour of your Mistresses. *Enter another Messenger.*

*Mes.* Arme, arme, arme, arme.

*Ki.* A thousand Diuels take v'm.

*Di.* A thousand blessings on v'm.

*Mes.* Arme O King, the Citty is in muteny,  
 Led by an old gray Ruffin, who comes on

In rescue of the Lord *Philaster*. *Exit with Ara. Phi. Bellario.*

*Ki.* Away to the Citadell, Ile see them safe,  
And then cope with these Burgers : Let the Guard  
And all the Gentlemen giue strong attendance.

*Exit King.*

*Manent Dion, Clerimond, Traslme.*

*Cle.* The Citty vp, this was aboue our wishes.

*Di.* I and the marriage too : by my life,  
This noble Lady has deceiu'd vs all, a plague vpon my selfe; a thousand plagues, for hauing such vnworthy thoughts of her deare honour : O I could beat my selfe, or do you beat me, and Ile beat you, for we had all one thought.

*Cle.* No, no, twill but lose time.

*Di.* You say true, are your swords sharpe? well my deare countrymen, what ye lacks, if you continue and fall not backe vpon the first broken shinne, ile haue ye chronicled, and chronicled, and cut and chronicled, and all to be praisde, and sung in sonnets, and bath'd in new braue Ballads, that all tongues shall trouble you, in *Secula Sculorum*, my kind Can-carriers.

*Tra.* What if a toy take vm'ith heeles now, and they runne all away, and cry the Diuell take the hindmost.

*Di.* Then the same Diuell take the formost too, and sowce him for his breakefast; if they all proue Cowards, my curses flye among the and be speeding: May they haue Murriens raigne to keep the gentlemen at home vnbound in easie freeze : May the Mothes branch their Veluets, and their silkes only be worne before sore eyes. May their false lights vndoe vm, and discouer presses, holes, stainses, and oldnesse in their Stuffles, and make them shoprid : May they keepe Whores and Horses, and breake; and liue mued vp with neckes of Beefe and Turnups : May they haue many children, and none like the Father : May they know no language but that gibberish they prattle to their Parcels, vnlesse it bee the goatish Latine they write in their bonds, and may they write that false, and lose their debts.

*Enter the King.*

*K.* Now the vengeance of all the Gods confound them; how they swarme together ! what a hum they raise ! Diuels choake your wild throats ; If a man had need to vse their valours, he must pay a Brokage for it, and then bring ym on, and they will fight like sheepe. Tis

*Phila-*

*Philaster*, none but *Philaster* must allay this heate: They will not heare me speake, but sling durt at me, and call me Tyrant. Oh runne deare friend, and bring the Lord *Philaster*: speake him faire, call him Prince, do him all the courtesie you can, commend me to him. Oh my wits, my wits!

*exit Clerimond.*

*Di.* Oh my braue countrymen! as I liue, I will not buy a pinne out of your Walls for this; Nay, you shall cozen me, and Ile thanke you, and send you Brawne and Bacon, and soile you euer long vacation a brace of foremen, that at Michaelmas shall come vp fat and kicking:

*King* What they will do with this poore Prince, the Gods know, and I feare.

*Di.* Why Sir, thei'le flea him, and make Church Buckets on's skin to quench rebellion, then clap a riuet in's sconce, and hang him vp for signe.

*Enter Clerimond with Philaster.*

*K.* Oh worthy Sir, forgiue me, do not make Your miseries and my faults meete together To bring a greater danger. Be your selfe, Still sound amongst diseases, I haue wrong'd you, And though I find it last, and beaten to it, Let first your goodnesse know it. Calme the people, And be what you were borne to: take your loue, And with her my repentance, all my wishes, And all my prayers, by the Gods my heart speakes this, And if the least fall from me not perform'd, May I be strooke with thunder.

*Phi.* Mighty Sir,  
I will not doe you greatnesse so much wrong,  
As not to make your word truth; free the Princessse,  
And the poore boy, and let me stand the shock  
Of this mad sea-breach; which ile either turne  
Or perish with it.

*K.* Let your owne word free them.

*Phi.* Then thus I take my leaue, kissing your hand,  
And hanging on your royall word: be kingly,  
And be not mooued Sir, I shall bring your peace,



Or neuer bring my selfe backe.

*Ki.* All the Gods goe with thee.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter an old Captaine and Citizens with Pharamond.*

*Cap.* Come my braue Mirmidons, lets fall on, let our caps  
Swarm my boyes, & your nimble tongues forget your mother  
Gibberish, of what do you lacke, and set your mouthes  
Vp Children, till your Pallats fall frighted halfe a  
Fathome, past the cure of Bay-salt and grose Pepper,  
And then cry *Philaster*, braue *Philaster*,  
Let *Philaster* be deeper in request, my ding dongs,  
My paires of deere Indentures. Kings of Clubs,  
Then your cold water Chamblets, or your paintings  
Spitted with Copper, let not your hasty filkes,  
Or your branch'd Cloth of Bodkin, or your Tishues,  
Dearely beloued of spiced Cake and Custards,  
Your Robin-hoods scarlets and Iohns, tye your affections  
In darkenesse to your shops, no dainty duckers,  
Vp with your three-piled spirits your wrought valors,  
And let your vncut Collers make the King feele  
The measure of your mightinesse, *Philaster*,  
Cry my Rose-nobles, cry.

*All.* *Philaster*, *Philaster*.

*Cap.* How do you like this my Lord Prince, these are mad boyes,  
I tell you, these are things that will not strike their top-sailes  
To a Foist. And let a man of warre, an Argosie  
Hull, and cry Cockels.

*Pha.* Why you rude slaue, do you know what you doe?

*Cap.* My pretty Prince of Puppets, we do know  
And giue your Greatnesse warning, that you talke  
No more such Bugs-words, or that solder'd Crowne  
Shall be scratchd with a Musket: Deere Prince Pippen,  
Downe with your noble bloud, or as I liue,  
Ile haue you codled: let im lose my spirits,  
Make vs a round ring with your Bills my Hectors,  
And let me see what this trim man dares do,  
Now sir haue at you: heere I lye,  
And with this washing blow, do you see sweete Prince,

I could hulke your grace, and hang you vp crosse-legd,  
Like a Hare at a Poulters and do this with this wiper.

*Pha.* You will not see me murdred wicked Villaines?

1. *Ci.* Yes indeed will we sir, we haue not scene one foe a grêat while

*Cap.* He would haue weapons would he? giue him a broad side my  
braue boyes with your Pikes, branch mee his skin in Flowers like a  
Sattin, and betweene euery Flower a mortall cut, your Royalty  
shall rauell, Iagge him Gentlemen, ile haue him cut to the kell, then  
downe the seames, oh for a whip  
To make him galoone Laces,  
Ile haue a Coach-whip.

*Pha.* O spare me Gentlemen.

*Cap.* Hold, hold, the man begins to feare and know himselfe,  
He shall for this time only be seald vp  
With a feather through his nose, that he may only see  
Heauen, and thinke whither hee's going,  
Nay my beyond-sea Sir, we will proclaime you,  
You would be King.

Thou tender Heire apparant to a Church-ale,  
Thou sleight Prince of single scarcenet,  
Thou royall Ring-taile, fit to flie at nothing  
But poore mens Poultry, and haue euery Boy  
Beate thee from that too with his Bread and Butter,

*Pha.* Gods keepe me from these Helhounds.

1. *Ci.* Shall's geld him Captaine.

*Cap.* No, you shall spare his dowcets my deare Donsels,  
As you respect the Ladies let them flourish,  
The curses of a longing woman kills  
As speedy as a plague, Boyes.

1. *Ci.* Ile haue a leg that's certaine.

2. *Ci.* Ile haue an arme.

3. *Ci.* Ile haue his Nose, and at mine owne charge build a Col-  
ledge, and clap't vpon the gate.

4. *Ci.* Ile haue his little gut to string a Kit with,  
For certainly a royall Gut will sound like siluer.

*Pha.* Would they were in thy Belly, and I past my paine once.

5. *Ci.* Good Captaine let me haue his Liuer to feed Ferrers.

*Cap.* Who will haue parcels else? speake.

*Pha.* Good Gods consider me, I shall be tortured.

1. *Ci.* Captaine Ile giue you the trimming of your 2. hand sword and let me haue his skinne to make false Scabbards.

2. *Ci.* He had no Hornes sir had he?

*Cap.* No sir, hee's a Pollard: what wouldst thou do with hornes?

2. *Ci.* O if he had had, I would haue made rare Hafts and Whistles of vnm; but his shin bones if they be sound shall serue me.

*Enter Philaster.*

*All.* Long liue *Philaster*, the braue Prince *Philaster*,

*Phi.* I thanke you Gentlemen, but why are these Rude weapons brought abroad, to teach your hands Vnciuill trades.

*Cap.* My royall Rosicere,  
We are thy Mirmidons, thy Guard, thy Rorers,  
And when thy noble body is in durance,  
Thus doe we clap our musty murrians on,  
And trace the streetes in terror. Is it peace  
Thou Mars of men? is the King sociable,  
And bids thee liue? art thou about thy foemen,  
And free as *Phabus*? speake, if not, this stand  
Of royall blood, shall be a broach, a tilt, and runne  
Euen to the lees of honour.

*Phi.* Hold and be satisfied, I am my selfe,  
Free as my thoughts are; by the Gods I am.

*Cap.* Art thou the dainty darling of the King?  
Art thou the Hylas to our Hercules?  
Doe the Lords bow, and the regarded scarlets,  
Kisse their gumd gols, and cry we are your seruants?  
Is the Court Nauigable, and the presence flucke  
With Flags of friendship? if not, we are thy Castle,  
And this man sleeps.

*Phi.* I am what I doe desire to be, your friend,  
I am what I was borne to be, your Prince.

*Pha.* Sir, there is some humanity in you,  
You haue a noble soule, forget my name,  
And know my misery, set me safe a boord



From these wild Canibals, and as I liue,  
Ile quit this Land for euer : there is nothing,  
Perpetuall prisonment, cold, hunger, sicknesse,  
Of all sorts, of all dangers, and altogether  
The worst company of the worst men, madnes, age  
To be as many Creatures as a Woman,  
And do as all they do, nay to despaire;  
But I would rather make it a new Nature,  
And liue with all these then endure one howre  
Amongst these wild dogges.

*Phi.* I do pittie you : Friends discharge your feares,  
Deliuier me the Prince, Ile warrant you  
I shall be old enough to finde my safety.

*3. Cit.* Good sir take heede he does not hurt you,  
Hee's a fierce man I can tell you Sir.

*Cap.* Prince, by your leaue, ile haue a surfingle,  
And make you like a Hawke. *He strives.*

*Phi.* Away, away, there is no danger in him:  
Alas he had rather sleepe to shake his fit off,  
Looke you friends, how gently he leads, vpon my word  
Hee's tame enough, he neede no further watching.  
Good my friends goe to your houses, and by me haue your pardons,  
and my loue,  
And know there shall be nothing in my power  
You may deserue, but you shall haue your wishes.  
To giue you more thanks were to flatter you,  
Countinue still your loue, and for an earnest  
Drinke this.

*All.* Long maist thou liue braue Prince, braue Prince, braue  
Prince. *Exit Philaster and Pharamond.*

*Cap.* Go thy wayes, thou art the King of Curtesie,  
Fall off againe my sweete youths, come and euery man  
Trace to his house againe, and hang his Pewter vp, then to  
The Tauerne, and bring your wiues in Muffes, we will haue  
Musicke, and the red grape shall make vs dance, and rise Boyes.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter*

*Enter King, Arathusa, Gallatea, Megra, Clerimond, Dion,  
Trasline, Bellario, and attendance.*

*Ki.* Is it appeas'd?

*Di.* Sir, all is quiet as this dead of night,  
As peaceable as sleepe, my Lord *Philaster*  
Brings on the Prince himselfe.

*Ki.* Kind Gentlemen:

I will not breake the least word I haue giuen  
In promise to him, I haue heap'd a world!  
Of griefe vpon his head, which yet I hope  
To wash away.

*Enter Philaster and Pharamond.*

*Clo.* My Lord is come.

*Ki.* My sonne,

Blest be the time that I haue leaue to call  
Such vertue mine; now thou art in mine armes,  
Me thinkes I haue a salue vnto my brest  
For all the stings that dwell there, streames of griefe  
That I haue wrought thee; and as much of ioy  
That I repent it, issue from mine eyes:  
Let them appease thee, take thy right; take her,  
She is thy right too, and forget to vrge  
My vexed soule with that I did before.

*Phi.* Sir it is blotted from my memory,  
Past and forgotten: For you Prince of *Spaine*,  
Whom I haue thus redeem'd, you haue full leaue  
To make an honourable voyage home.  
And if you would goe furnish'd to your Realme  
With faire provision, I do see a Lady  
Me thinkes would gladly beare you Company,  
How like you this peece?

*Meg.* Sir he likes it well,  
For he hath tryed it, and hath found it worth

His princely liking; we were tane a bed,  
I know your meaning, I am not the first  
That nature taught to seeke a fellow forth:  
Can shame remaine perpetually in me  
And not in others? or haue Princes salues  
To cure ill names that meaner people want?

*Phi.* What meane you?

*Meg.* You must get another ship  
To beare the Princeesse and her boy together.

*Di.* How now?

*Meg.* Others tooke me, and I tooke her and him,  
At that all women may be tane sometime:  
Ship vs all foure my Lord, we can indure  
Weather and winde alike.

*Ki.* Cleere thou thy selfe, or know not me for father

*Ara.* This earth,

How false it is, what meanes is left for me?  
To cleere my selfe: It lies in your beleeve,  
My Lords beleeue me, and let all things else  
Struggle together, to dishonour me.

*Bel.* O stop your eares great King, that I may speake  
As freedome would, then I will call this Lady  
As base as are her actions, heare me fir,  
Beleeue your heated bloud when it rebels  
Against your reason, sooner then this Lady.

*Meg.* By this good light he beares it handsomly.

*Phi.* This Lady! I will sooner trust the wind  
With Feathers, or the troubled Sea with pearle,  
Then her with any thing; beleeue her not!  
Why thinke you, if I did beleeue her words  
I would outliue em: honour cannot take  
Reuenge on you, then what were to be knowne  
But death.

*Ki.* Forget her fir, since all is knit  
Betweene vs: but I must request of you  
One fauour, and will sadly be denied.

*Phi.* Command what ere it be.



*Ki.* Swear to be true to what you promise.

*Phi.* By the powers aboue,  
Let it not be the death of her or him,  
And it is granted.

*Ki.* Beare away that Boy  
To torture, I will haue her cleerd or buried.

*Phi.* O let me call my word backe, worthy sir  
Aske something else, bury my life and right  
In one poore graue, but doe not take away  
My life and fame at once.

*Ki.* Away with him, it stands irreuocable.

*Phi.* Turne all your eyes on me, heere stands a man  
The falsest and the basest of this world:  
Set swords against this breast some honest man,  
For I haue liued till I am pittied,  
My former deedes were hatefull, but this last  
Is pittifull, for I vnwillingly  
Haue giuen the deere preseruer of my life  
Vnto his torture: is it in the power  
Of flesh and bloud, to carry this and liue?

*Offers to kill  
himselfe.*

*Ara.* Deere sir be patient yet: oh stay that hand.

*Ki.* Sirs, strip that boy.

*Di.* Come sir, your tender flesh wil tire your constancy.

*Bel.* O kill me Gentlemen.

*Di.* No, helpe sirs.

*Bel.* Will you torture me?

*Ki.* Hast there, why stay you?

*Bel.* Then I shall not breake my vow,  
You know iust Gods, though I discouer all.

*Ki.* Hows that? will he confesse?

*Di.* Sir, so he sayes.

*Ki.* Speake then.

*Bel.* Great King, if you command  
This Lord to talke with me alone, my tongue  
Vrg'd by my heart, shall vter all the thoughts  
My youth hath knowne, and stranger thing then these  
You heare not often.

*Ki.* Walke aside with him.

*Di.* Why speak'st thou not?

*Bel.* Know you this face my Lord?

*Di.* No.

*Bel.* Haue you not scene it, nor the like?

*Di.* Yes I haue scene the like, but readily  
I know not where.

*Bel.* I haue bin often told

In Court, of one *Euphrasia*, a Lady  
And daughter to you, betwixt whom and me  
(They that would flatter my bad face would sweare)  
There was such strange resemblance, that we two  
Could not be knowne asunder, drest alike.

*Di.* By heauen and so there is.

*Bel.* For her faire sake

Who now doth spend the spring time of her life  
In holy Pilgrimage, mone to the King  
That I may scape this torture.

*Di.* But thou speak'st

As like *Euphrasia* as thou dost looke,  
How came it to thy knowledge that she liues  
In Pilgrimage?

*Bel.* I know it not my Lord,  
But I haue heard it and doe scarce beleue it.

*Di.* Oh my shame, is't possible? draw neere  
That I may gaze vpon thee, art thou she,  
Or else her murderer? where wert thou borne?

*Bel.* In Siracusa.

*Di.* What's thy name?

*Bel.* *Euphrasia*.

*Di.* O tis iust, tis she,

Now I doe know thee, oh that thou hadst dyed  
And I had neuer scene thee, nor my shame,  
How shall I owne thee, shall this tongue of mine,  
Ere call thee Daughter more?

*Bel.* Would I had died indeed, I wish it too,  
And so must haue done by vow, ere published

What I haue told, but that there was no meanes  
To hide it longer: yet I ioy in this,

The Princeſſe is all cleere. *Ki.* What haue you done?

*Di.* Alls diſcouered. *Phi.* Why then hold you me,  
All is diſcouered, pray you let me go. *He offers to ſtab*

*K.* Stay him. *Ara.* What is diſcouered? *himſelfe.*

*Di.* Why my ſhame

It is a woman, let her ſpeake the reſt.

*Phil.* How! that againe. *Di.* It is a woman.

*Phi.* Bleſt be you powers that fauour Innocence.

*Ki.* Lay hold vpon that Lady.

*Phi.* It is a woman Sir, harke Gentlemen,

It is a woman. *Araibuſa* take

My ſoule into thy breaſt, that would be gone

With ioy: it is a Woman, thou art faire!

And vertuous ſtill to ages, in diſpight of Malice,

*Ki.* Speake you, where lies his ſhame?

*Bel.* I am his Daughter.

*Phi.* The Gods are iuſt.

*Di.* I dare accuſe none, but before you two,

The vertue of our age, I bend my knee

For mercy.

*Phi.* Take it freely, for I know,  
Though what thou didſt were vndiſcreetely done,  
Twas meant well.

*Ara.* And for me,  
I haue a power to pardon ſins as oft  
As any man has power to wrong me.

*Cle.* Noble and worthy

*Phi.* But *Bellario*,  
(For I muſt call thee ſtill ſo) tell me why  
Thou didſt conceal thy ſex, it was a fault,  
A fault *Bellario*, though thy other deeds  
Of truth outwaigh'd it: All theſe Iealouſies  
Had flowne to nothing, if thou hadſt diſcouered,  
What now we know.

*Bel.* My father oft would ſpeake



Your worth and vertue, and as I did grow  
More and more apprehensue, I did thirst  
To see the man so rais'd, but yet all this  
Was but a Mayden longing to be lost  
As soone as found, till sitting in my Window  
Printing my thoughts in Lawne, I saw a God  
I thought, but it was you, enter our gates,  
My bloud flue out, and backe againe as fast  
As I had pult it forth, and suckt it in  
Like breath, then was I cald away in hast  
To entertaine you. Neuer was a man  
Heau'd from a sheepe-coate, to a Scepter rais'd,  
So high in thoughts as I, you left a kisse  
Vpon these Lippes then, which I meane to keepe  
From you for euer, I did heare you talke  
Farre aboue singing; after you were gone,  
I grew acquainted with my heart, and search't  
What stir'd it so, alas I found it Loue,  
Yet farre from Lust, for I could but haue liued  
In presence of you, I had had my end.  
For this I did delude my noble Father  
With a faine Pilgrimage, and drest my selfe  
In habit of a Boy, and for I knew  
My birth no match for you, I was past hope  
Of hauing you. And vnderstanding well,  
That when I made discouery of my sex,  
I could not stay with you, I made a vow,  
By all the most religious things a Maid  
Could call together, neuer to be knowne  
Whilst there was hope to hide me from mens eyes  
For other then I seem'd; that I might euer  
Abide with you, then sate I by the Fount  
Where first you tooke me vp.

*Ki.* Search out a match

Within our Kingdome, where, and when thou wilt,  
And I will pay thy Dowry, and thy selfe  
Wilt well deserue him.

*Bel.* Neuer fir will I  
 Marry, it is a thing within my vow,  
 But if I may haue leaue to serue the Princeesse,  
 To see the vertues of her Lord and her,  
 I shall haue hope to liue.

*Ara.* I, *Philaster*  
 Cannot be iealous, though you had a Lady  
 Dreft like a Page to serue you, nor will I  
 Suspect her liuing heere, come liue with me;  
 Liue free as I do, she that loues my Lord,  
 Curst be the wife that hates her.

*Phi.* I grieue such vertue should be laied in earth  
 Without an Heyre: heare me my royall Father,  
 Wrong not the freedome of our soules so much,  
 To thinke to take reuenge of that base woman,  
 Her malice cannot hurt vs: set her free  
 As she was borne, sauing from shame and sinne.

*Ki.* Set her at liberty, but leaue the Court,  
 This is no place for such, you *Pharamond*  
 Shall haue free passage, and a conduct home  
 Worhy so great a Prince, when you come there  
 Remember twas your faults that lost you her,  
 And not my purpos'd will.

*Pha.* I do confesse  
 Renowned fir.

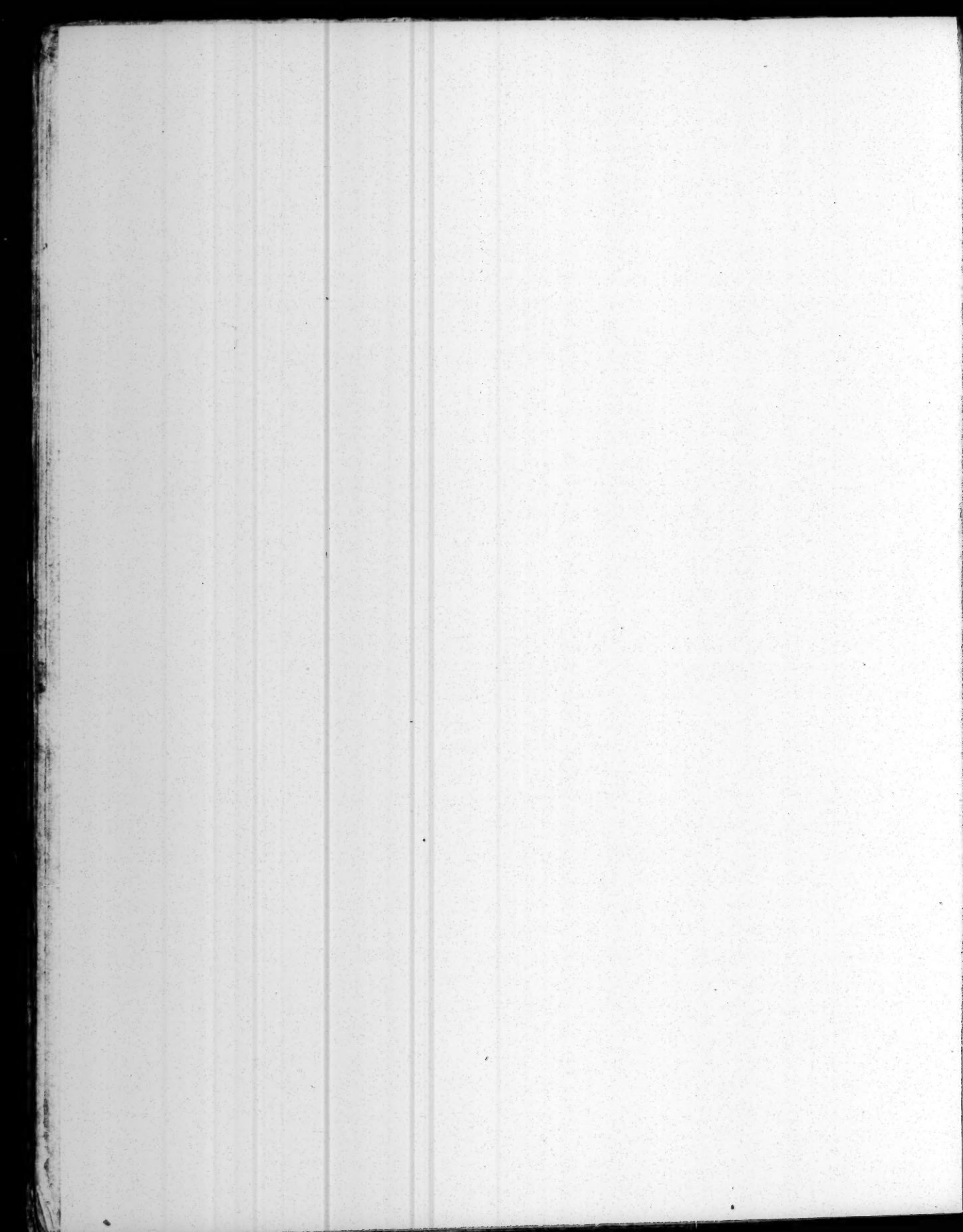
*Ki.* Last ioine your hands in one, enioy *Philaster*  
 This Kingdome which is yours, and after me  
 What euer I call mine, my blessing on you,  
 All happy howres be at your marriage ioyes,  
 That you may grow your selues ouer all lands,  
 And like to see your plenteous Branches spring  
 Where euer there is Sunne, let Princes learne  
 By this to rule the passions of their blood,  
 For what Heauen wils can neuer be withstood.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*FINIS.*







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L<sub>4</sub> probably blank,  
cut away

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